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STRUCK BY BULLETS, BUT UNHARMED:

A BULLET-PROOF "CHEST PROTECTOR" BEING PUT TO A REMARKABLE TEST BY ITS INVENTOR.



SHOOTING WITH A LIVING MAN AS A TARGET: HERR SCHAUMANN STOPPING BULLETS
ON HIS "CHEST-PROTECTOR."

It is said that on one historic occasion the inventor of a so-called bullet-proof cuirass met his match when a practical and unbelieving monarch asked him to put on his invention and stand up before a firing party, and preferred to retire hurriedly rather than face such a risk. Herr Schaumann has considerably more confidence in his invention, as may be seen from these photographs, which show him stopping with his "chest-protector" heavy bullets fired from a rifle. The "shield" has been approved by the German Emperor and the German War Office. It can be fired at with the strongest infantry bullets and will remain undamaged. It is bendable, and can be worn unnoticed either under a vest or uniform, and owing to its light weight can also be used as a helmet.

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6s.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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July 7, 1909) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Over, Again.

The London Season bein, d'y'see, practically over—by which one now means, of course, that the few frightfully rich

people who know us, although we don't know them, have spent enough, and stand in need of a breather, physical and bankin'; I say, when these flit into the country, there to gloat over the Press cuttings of their entertainments, and get into touch with the more reasonable firms of title-mongers, with a view to becomin' real genuine old English aristocracy, b'Jove, the town, so far as we are concerned, will empty too, and the only people who will remain in it will be those excessively stoopid men who are providin' other countries with a daily source of fun and their own country with a growin' feelin' of shame and anger—I mean our legislators on the Embankment. Here and there, too, there will be signs of life in slim white houses with black iron knockers and awnings of blue-and-white, and in these you will find one of us, turned useful and conscientious, who is earnin' an honest livin' by the sweat of his brow, perhaps on the Stock Exchange, perhaps as a permanent official in a Government Office—poor, dear fellers. Conceive it, if you can! For the rest, outside the few civilised streets, the town will become an even more seethin' squash of wonderful people from all parts of the earth—French, a charmin' race, infinitely funny when they're serious—Germans, a podgy lot, awf'ly well-informed—Russians, polite cut-throats, some of 'em—and Americans, citizens of the Republic. All the big hotels will swarm with this hotch-potch till the swallows fly, to the joy of the tradesperson, and the raised-eyebrow surprise of Cleopatra's Needle and the Britch Mu-seem.

"Maie Aie."

Personally, bein' of the cuckoo tribe, that is to say, bein' more or less dependent for my food on the rich sparrows and bullfinches, and South African blackbirds who take gaudy nests for the season, I shall stay on in London for a bit and then take a well-earned holiday in France, commencin' somewhere about Aug. 1. And I've no doubt at all, bless you, that I shall have one or two things to say about France and the French. I know 'em well, but as my literary genius has only been brought to light in the last year or two, and I have not been farther into France than Paris since then, think what a lot there will be to say! Maie aie! as Miss Thing used to say in the Thing

at the Thing Theatre many things ago. I shall delay my holiday till then, simply because nothin' I know gives me such joy as the sight of restaurants when taken possession of by the heterogeneous tourists. It provides me with a yearly form of entertainment. I love to get into a comfortable chair in the Savoy and watch

these curious creatures in their curious clothes, and listen to their curious language and study their curious manners. I refer, of course, when I say curious, wholly to the Americans. I almost grow fat as I watch them. It is a form of rest-cure to me to be surrounded by them for two or three days. They are so restless, so nervous, so jumpy, so high-strung—they take themselves so seriously. They regard themselves, with a fixed belief that is as touchin' as it is howlingly funny, as the top-dogs of civilisation. And it only needs an ordinary observant eye to see in them the backwoodsman who has used Pears' soap.



A PRIZE THAT CARRIES WITH IT £5 A YEAR FOR LIFE: A VERY VALUABLE SILVER MEDAL.

This medal, which carries with it £5 a year for life, was given as a Bisley prize by the British Women's Patriotic League—"to encourage young men under thirty years of age to join the Territorials."

Straw Hat, or "Dumper."

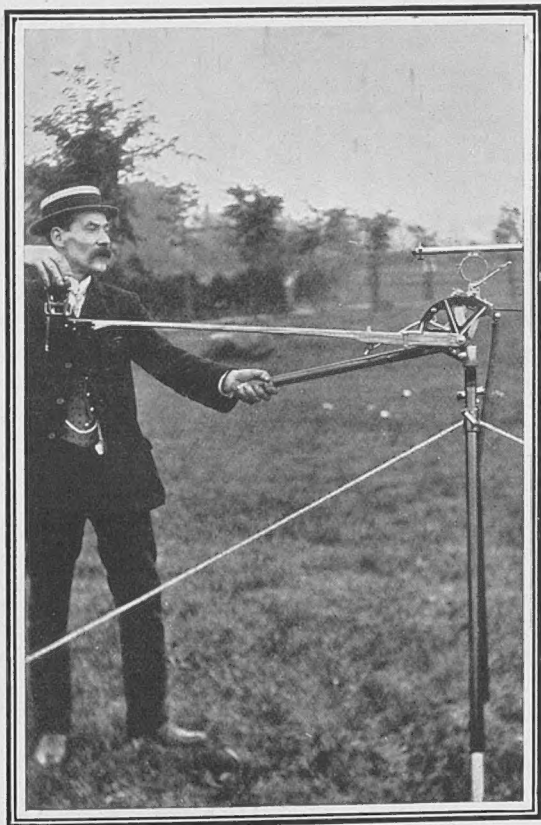
All the same, I shan't devote all these days to amusement—oh, bless you, no. There

is man's work for me to do, d'y'see. I've got to design one or two new things to wear abroad, especially in the way of pyjamas. And I must confess that the hat is a difficult problem. I am not one of those rash persons who go in for the white bowler. You have to be one of three things to wear that implement—a bookie, a publisher, or a pronounced epigrammatist under police

surveillance. There remains, therefore, the ordinary straw, a most uncomfortable concern, merely an excuse for the I.Z. or the M.C.C.

colours—and the latter now happens to be the registered colours of the Little Wolding-fold Poker and Sunday Drinkin' Club, so that mere members of the M.C.C. are growin' every day more nervous of bein' seen in them. I never was deeply impressed with a straw. It blows off, and if it stays on, it gets wet and loses its shape. A cap is, of course, impossible in a town. What remains? Obviously some sort of dumper, some sort of soft thing with a stiffish brim, comfortable enough to be slack, but not slack enough to be bizarre on the pavin' stones. So, therefore, it will be to the dumper that I shall devote

many wakin' hours of the immediate future. I will keep you posted as to the result. A moment of inspiration, a sudden brain-wave, a glint of genius and the thing will be done. Ah, those moments! How rare! How epoch-makin'! How good for trade! What?



MORE DEADLY THAN THE DEADLIEST GOOGLIER! A NEW BOWLING MACHINE ABOUT TO BOWL.

A spring provides the motive-power, and the length, pace, and break can be altered at will. The weight of the machine is 25 lb.



THE MECHANICAL BOWLER AT WORK: THE BALL ABOUT TO LEAVE THE MACHINE.



THE CLUBMAN



A King in Exile. One of the "Kings in Exile" whom I have met was Don Carlos, who died the other day. Some ten years ago, I carried a letter of introduction to him at Venice from one of his English friends, of whom he had many. I found him a very charming personage, enjoying the lazy

children were being treated as though they were pariahs because a priest had behaved like an honest man and had married a girl. She was the daughter of the man who was being persecuted, and there had been every reason why the priest should marry her. The Church authorities in Seville would not hear of his doing the only thing which could repair the wrong he had done, but the priest unfrocked himself, and having married the girl, changed his name and took her elsewhere to earn a living. The girl's father was tied to Seville, and on him and his wife and his young children the wrath of the Church fell. They found it difficult to buy the necessaries of life, and no school would educate the children—even the Irish Sisters, kindly and generous ladies, who have an establishment on the hills near Seville, dared not disregard the ban pronounced against this unhappy family.

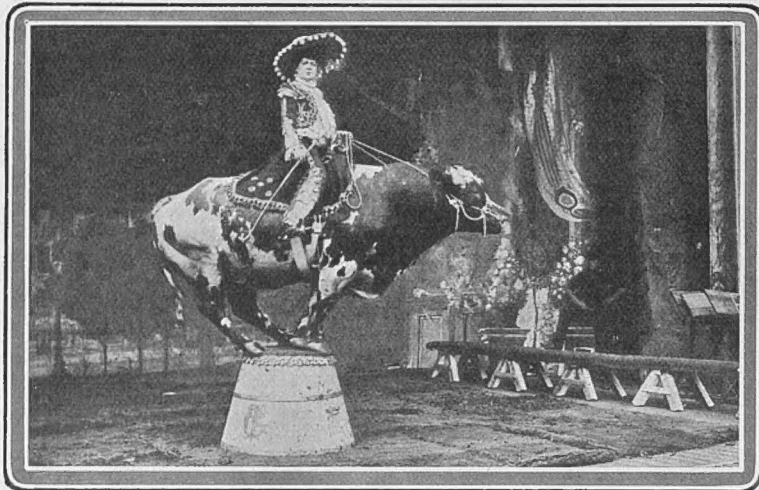


Photo. Sport and General.

A BULL THAT IS EASILY TAKEN BY THE HORNS: CARMENCITA AND HER CURIOUS STEED.

life of the City of Lagoons to the utmost, and with nothing of the conspirator about him. He asked me to breakfast and afterwards sat and talked of art and the theatre, and patted and teased his pet bull dog while he talked. I remembered as I watched him that when he made a bid for the throne by raising an insurrection in the north of Spain, it was said that Don Carlos was always playing with his monkeys when he should have been presiding over a Council of War. He was personally brave, but he was not of the stuff of which a great commander is made. I noted at the time that in speaking of the friend who had given me the letter to him, he said that he would have given him a brigade had he gone again to Spain, implying that he had given up all intention of making another attempt to gain the throne.

Don Carlos as a Rod in Pickle.

Don Carlos was the rod in pickle which the Vatican kept for the King of Spain and his Ministers should they fall away from grace and show any signs of imitating the French in depriving Mother Church of what she considers to be her rights. Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, may be used for the same stimulating purpose, though he has intimated that he has renounced his claims to the throne. Both Don Carlos and his son refused to take any advantage of the predicament of Spain during her war with America, and the present King's boldness in visiting the mines in the northern mountains and going freely amongst the miners, who are all Carlists, and the good and regular wages these miners now receive, have all helped to weaken the hold of the Carlist cause in Spain. Besides, King Alfonso and his Ministers have no intention of quarrelling with the Vatican. The refuge afforded to the monks and nuns of the religious orders expelled from France, and the very heavy punishment inflicted on the Infante Alfonso for daring to marry a Protestant Princess, are signs that the Church is still all-powerful in Spain, and that Don Jaime may draw his pay as an officer in the Russian army, and may spend three-quarters of the year on leave in Paris without fearing that he may be called upon to go into the Pyrenees and lead a revolution. How savagely priests in Spain can exercise their power any dweller in that country can testify. When I was last in Seville, a man and his wife and his young

British Kedah.

Time was when I used to look across the Bay of Penang to the blue hills of Kedah and think what a pleasant holiday-station might be established on them. Kedah has now become British protected territory, and its hills may prove a pleasant alternative to the Peak, which is Penang's own hill, as a sanatorium. Kedah was a portion of the Siamese kingdom, one of those semi-independent Malay States, the Rajah of which was not interfered with so long as he did not declare war on his neighbours, or do anything else very outrageous. It now passes from Siamese protection to British protection, and a Briton will give the Rajah good advice and teach him to rule his country according to the latest civilised methods. When I knew Penang, the chief interest I took in Kedah was that there used to be some good snipe-shooting there. It was, as Malay States generally are in their early stages, a great tract of jungle, with palm-trees on the coast, clearings for sugar-cane plantations and rice-fields, tall chimneys of sugar factories, and villages of palm-thatched houses, built high on piles to be above the miasma of the night and safe from snakes and tigers. I have no doubt it has vastly changed since I knew it. One of the advances in the Malay Peninsula which I rather regret is the opening of the railway from Singapore to Kedah. The journey by ship from Penang to the capital of the Straits was one of the pleasantest and laziest possible. The Straits were always calm and shone like silver, and the palm-tree tops used to dance in a heat-haze on the horizon. The passengers used to sleep and lunch and dine on deck.



Photo. Dixon and Co.

THE FIRST GIRL SCOUTS: A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

The boy scouts have been imitated by the girls, and the officers of a recently formed corps are here shown.

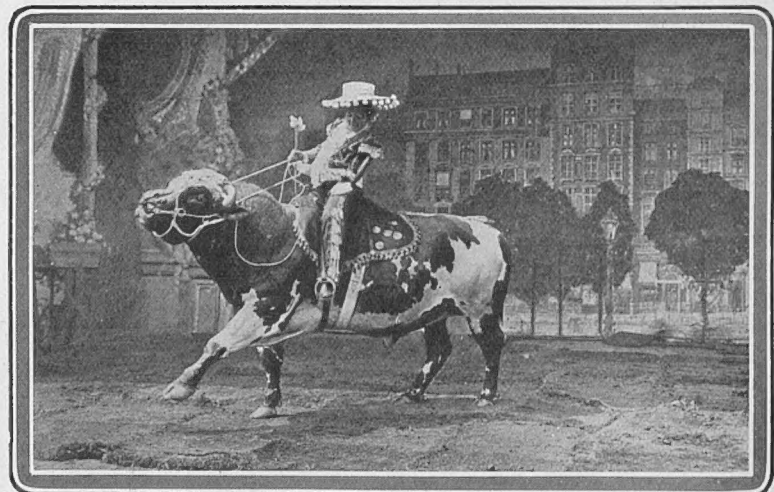


Photo. Sport and General.

A BULL AS CIRCUS-PERFORMER: CARMENCITA AND HER REMARKABLY TRAINED BULL.

The bull does various tricks, and also goes through a series of the most difficult walking-steps of the "haute école."

THE ROLLER-DANCERS: REYNOLDS (MR.) AND DONEGAN (MISS).



THE DANSE DES APACHES AND THE "MERRY WIDOW WALTZ" ON WHEELS:
REMARKABLE ROLLER-SKATING AT THE PALACE.

Reynolds and Donegan are giving a remarkable turn (of many remarkable turns) at the Palace. Miss Donegan, who is an Australian, is the only lady who has run a hundred yards in under 11 seconds. She has also "gone in" for cycling, shooting, and hurdle-jumping.

Photographs by Bolak.



MR. LESTER REID, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS MOLLIE FERGUSSON.

Mr. Reid, who is in the Irish Guards, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Percy T. Reid and Mrs. Reid, of Mill Hall, Cuckfield, Sussex.

Photograph by Swaine.

grace and a great charm of manner, which make her welcome wherever she happens to find herself, for, like her eldest sister, Lady Warwick, Lady Angela is a very versatile woman, interested in all that goes on.

A Coming Marriage.

Quite apart from the pleasure it may be presumed the principals take in it, the announcement of the engagement between Lady Mary Percy, a daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and Captain Aymer Maxwell, has been made with much satisfaction. That excellent gentleman, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the father of the fiancé, has always cared for Northern men and things, from trout and castles, to Percys and Campbells, and the marriage cements these interests. Lady Mary's mother was the daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll, and there are a whole regiment of Percy castles. The first Duke of Northumberland frightened onlookers by the money he spent on his seats. His purse yawned, but was never tired, and he kept "improving" at Stansted, Alnwick, Northumberland House, Syon, and Warkworth, until it was said that he would have no estate left if he spent so much upon it. Sir Herbert Maxwell is himself a large landowner, and he and the Duke have many interests in common.



THE NEW LADY OF MALTA: LADY RUNDLE, WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF MALTA.

Photograph by Lafayette.

They are, for one thing, both keen archæologists.

The New Lady of Malta.

Lady Rundle, whose distinguished husband has just been appointed new Governor of Malta, is connected with the British Army not only through her husband, but through her own father, the late Captain H. J. M. Campbell, of the Royal Artillery. Almost ever since their marriage, which took place twenty-two years ago, Lady Rundle has had the mingled anxiety and pride of seeing her husband engaged on active service, fighting first in North and then South Africa.

House-Warmings.

Last week Mrs. Anthony Drexel gave her very successful and very large "small dance"

SMALL TALK

FROM the point of view of the connoisseur in beauty, few sights more delightful can be seen than the five daughters of Blanche Lady Rosslyn gathered together against such a noble background as that provided by the great picture-gallery of Stafford House. The loveliness of this group of sisters and half-sisters is of a strangely representative quality, no two being really alike. The attribute of grace must be accorded to the youngest, Lady Angela Forbes,

in her new house in Grosvenor Square, and she seemed just as much at home there as in the house, now rented to Mrs. Potter Palmer, which she made famous by her entertaining last year. Charles Street is losing Lady Granard, who will be settled for the winter in the house given her by her father. Lady Granard carries with her to her new house the American system of heating, one season of open fires having convinced her that English coldness must not be looked for in English manners, but in English rooms and English corridors. And yet one English family thrive very well in Mortimer House



MISS MOLLIE FERGUSSON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. LESTER REID.

Miss Fergusson is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson, of 109, Eaton Place.

Photograph by Swaine.

Friday Fare.

The Duchess of Sutherland's six "Friday Evenings," now over and done, have given a quite unusual grace to the season that begins to be moribund. Not a mere crowd, but a carefully chosen company, each gathering included men of mark in all departments of life. They were not "Party" parties. Mr. Haldane and Mr. Buxton were as happy as Mr. Chaplin and Mr. George Wyndham amidst the constellations of lights and flowers at Stafford House. The Dukes of Argyll and of Rutland kept their brother of Sutherland in countenance; the most serious of poets, Mr. William Watson,

met the most brilliant of light parodists, Mr. Harry Cust; Mr. Wells and Lady Warwick represented Socialism, and Stafford House itself may be said to be the headquarters of Socialism of a most seductive kind.

Mrs. Ernest Guinness.

There are three beautiful young matrons in the most exclusive section of Society bearing the name of Guinness, and it would be difficult to award to any one of them the palm for beauty. Irish judges would, however, probably choose Mrs. Ernest Guinness for the pedestal, for her fair loveliness is one that appeals specially to Irish eyes. Née Miss Cloe Russell, only daughter of the late Sir George Russell of Swallowfield, Mrs. Ernest Guinness comes of noted stock, and her marriage, graced by royalty, was among the most brilliant social events of 1903. Her husband, who is one of the cleverest mechanics connected with the Peerage, is closely concerned with the management of the family brewery, so they live most of the year in Ireland.

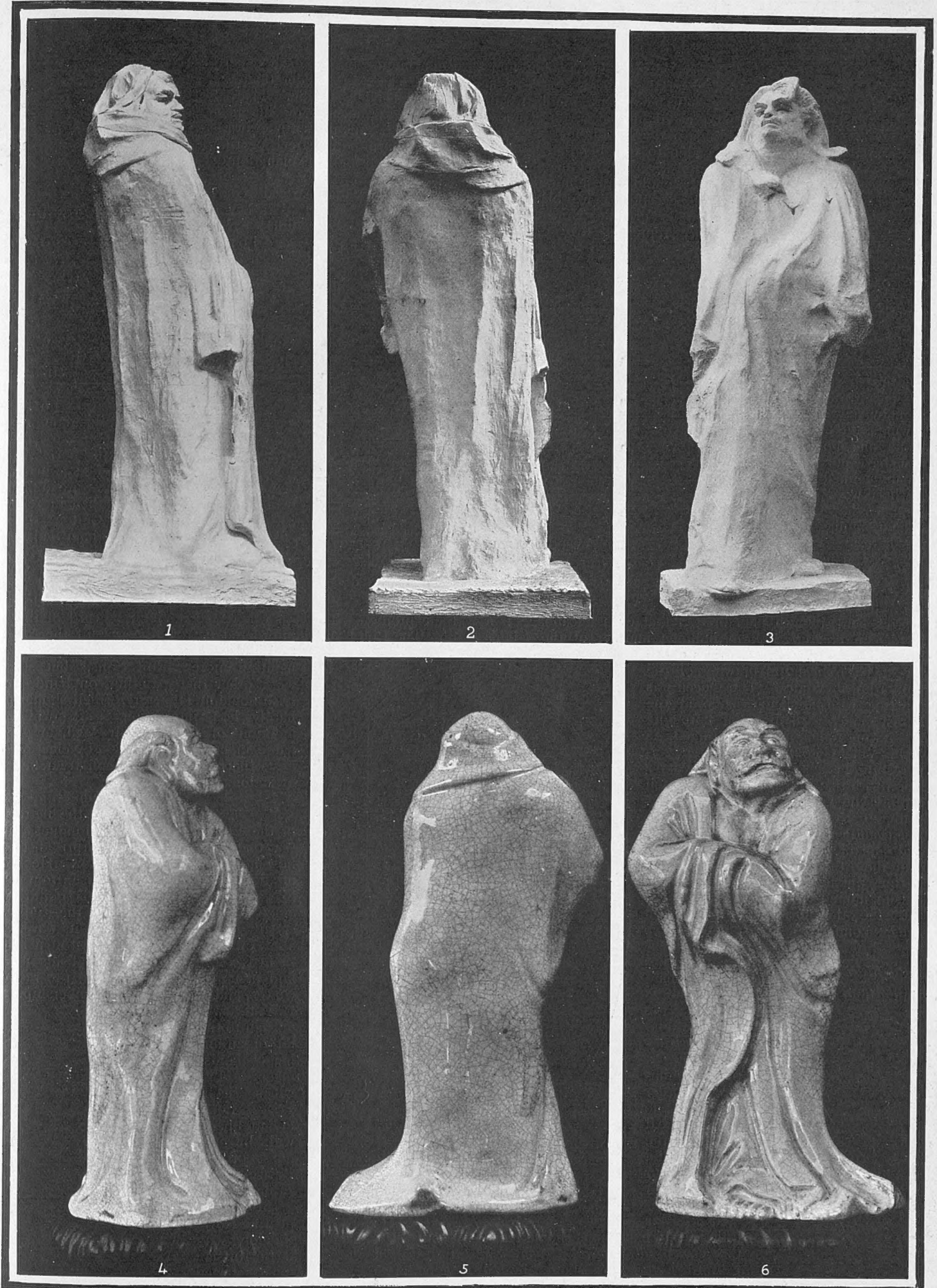


WIFE OF AN ADMIRABLE SOCIETY "MECHANIC": MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS.

Photograph by Lafayette.

HAS THE SOUL OF A JAPANESE ARTIST PASSED INTO RODIN ?

UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION: RODIN'S "BALZAC" AND A 400-YEAR-OLD STATUETTE--A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.



1. RODIN'S "BALZAC"—SIDE VIEW.

2. RODIN'S "BALZAC"—BACK VIEW.

3. RODIN'S "BALZAC"—FRONT VIEW.

4. THE OLD JAPANESE STATUETTE—SIDE VIEW.

5. THE OLD JAPANESE STATUETTE—BACK VIEW.

6. THE OLD JAPANESE STATUETTE—FRONT VIEW.

Our photographs emphasise once more that well-worn saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." If ever there were a modern of moderns, Rodin surely is that man; yet we find a Japanese artist of 400 years ago, one of whose creations at least bears remarkable resemblance to the work of the master of to-day. There can be no gainsaying the considerable likeness between this old statuette and Rodin's most discussed work, his "Balzac." No doubt, M. Rodin will be interested to see these photographs; no one, indeed, is likely to be more surprised than he at the superficial likeness between the two works.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MISS IVY PRETIOUS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES B. L. TENNYSON TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Miss Pretious is the very energetic lady secretary of the Free Trade Union. The wedding is to take place in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

Photograph by F.Estrange.

Wales' desire to see the Italian lady's work has meant the prolongation of the exhibition by a week. The charm of the drawings, the charm of the scenes they depict, and, no less, the charm of the artist, have combined to make her show an unqualified success. Princess Teano, whose works are Italian in subject, has been having a very good time in England, and has made a few drawings here.

The King's Colours. The drawings chosen by the King include a view in Lord Crawford's

remarkably picturesque kitchen-garden at Balcarres, and it must be admitted that even a cabbage is a very handsome creature, before boiling; another of the King's selections, showing that his eye rises above vegetables, is the beautiful drawing of the Villa Contarini, in Venice. The Queen was most pleased with a sketch made in the Empress Eugénie's garden at Farnborough; another drawing remaining in royal hands is one of the Villa Colonna, in Rome, especially interesting because of Princess Teano's connection with that illustrious family, which is now represented by the Prince and Princess Palliano Colonna, just arrived here. Princess Teano has, besides her art, a very able and amiable husband, who is as well known at the Athenæum Club as he is in the Pontine Marshes, where his people have an exquisite home—for three months of the year. For the other nine the country around bears an uncomfortable resemblance to a swamp.

The New Music.

Now that the King has reminded us of his share in extinguishing a fire, we may not be so

shy of the firemen. Who has not struggled with a burning chimney in order to escape the helmeted frowns of the brigade; and what amateur experimenter has not trembled lest his little private explosions should reach the ear of the law? Even Sir Edward Elgar, who stands by all his orchestral bursts and clashes, is a little shy of the noises that sometimes emanate from his beloved laboratory in Hereford. He has, like the rest of us, a fear of the Force and the Brigade, and has been driven to deceit. One day, after a series of little explosions during

some interesting chemical experiments, came one louder than the rest, and fumes beside. Fearing that the policeman on his beat would make inquiries, Sir Edward rushed out into the street, peering up and down for an explanation of his own noises.

Prerogative. The royal command plays havoc with all other formalities. Not

long ago, as the guests arrived at a ducal party,

grave ushers whispered that there could be no announcement of their names, because there was no hostess. Later she came in, brilliant from a royal quadrille to which she had been bidden at the eleventh hour. And the Royal Academy, too, must bow to the mandate, even if bows are difficult to a body so tightly swathed in red tape. The sculpture Mr. Colton took by command to Buckingham Palace had been taken from Burlington House in full exhibition-time. Only once before has the Academy been forced to give up a work of art before the closing of the exhibition. That was when Queen Victoria heard of the fame of "The Roll Call," and ordered it from the wall of the Academy to Windsor for a day. Lady Butler is not painting more "Roll Calls," but she has work, other than painting, on hand, in her Irish home in Tipperary, which should prove hardly less interesting. Meanwhile, the mention of General Sir William Butler's name in connection with a by-election suggests that he also may soon try a new field of action.

Sea-Legs.

It is so often hinted that discretion is the better part of the Emperor of Russia's fondness for the sea that Cowes may be surprised to find how keen a sailor is the Tsar. He is fond of all forms of nautical exercise, from rowing to eating ship's biscuit; his children are much in the same boat, and the Empress is equally fond of the ocean and its ways. The Tsar, even if the actual conduct of a sailing-yacht is not one of his accomplishments, will find much to interest him in the racing at Cowes, and his honorary membership of the R. Y. S. will not fall to the lot of an unhandy landsman. His wife's sister, Princess Louis of Battenberg, will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales on one of the Royal

yachts that are preparing, along with torpedo-boats, to welcome the Russian Imperial yacht. The season has started with adventure: Princess Henry of Battenberg was delighted to find herself and her *Sheila* in the nick of time to be of use to Captain Slade Olver's dismayed *Quickstep* in Southampton Water. "Oh, if Alfonso were here," was her first thought when she saw excitement ahead.



MR. CHARLES B. L. TENNYSON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS IVY PRETIOUS TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Mr. Tennyson is a grandson of the late Lord Tennyson, and a stepson of Mr. Augustine Birrell. The wedding reception is to be held at Mr. and Mrs. Lulu Harcourt's town house.—[Photograph by F.Estrange.]



CAPTAIN THE HON. GERALD FOLJAMBE, HALF-BROTHER OF LORD LIVERPOOL, AND MISS CONSTANCE ISABELLE HOLDEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Photographs by Lafayette.



THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS BROWNLOW (FORMERLY MISS ANGELA PLATT),

Whose marriage to Lord Lurgan's brother took place last week.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



MISS MARGARET WINIFRED OXLEY, Who is to marry Captain Nevill Eliot to-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



CAPTAIN NEVILL ELIOT, Who is to marry Miss Margaret Winifred Oxley to-day (Wednesday).—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

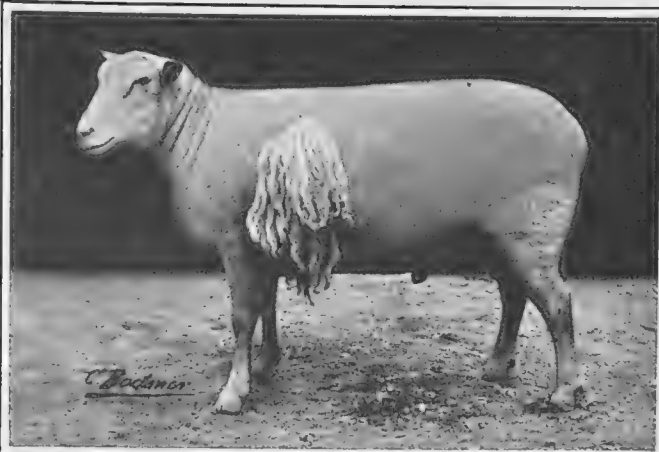


OUR WONDERFUL—ANIMAL—WORLD!



A STAG IN A "WIG": A REMARKABLE FORMATION.

Although similar formations to this have been observed before, even in the case of stags in captivity, such a wonderful example has never before been known. The stag in question was killed in Bohemia. It is thought that such formations are the result of falls.—[Photograph by *Trampus*.]



A CURIOUSLY "CUT" SHEEP: A EWE CLIPPED POODLE-FASHION.

Our photograph shows a champion ewe exhibited at a recent show at Chalons. The condition of its coat suggests that in the not very remote future we may see sheep parading in the fashions hitherto adopted exclusively by poodles. Then, possibly, the sheep will be favoured as a domestic pet.—[Photograph by *L.E.A.*]



CHICKS THAT ARE WORTH £50 A-PIECE: BABY OSTRICHES BORN AT NICE.

The chicks were hatched in an incubator on the ostrich farm at Nice.



A DOG THAT "HANDLES" UNITED STATES' MAILS: DRAGGING A HEAVY BAG OF REGISTERED LETTERS FROM THE RAILWAY LINE.

The dog is attached to a little railroad sub-station, and handles the mail-bags as they are thrown from the express trains, dragging them from the line into the station to his master. He has not been off duty for years, and he only fails at his work when the bags are too heavy for him. No orders have to be given: he knows when each mail-train is due, and is by the side of the line in good time, waiting for it.—[Photographs by *Schmidt*.]



A LIGHT TASK: THE DOG CARRYING IN HIS MOUTH A SMALL BAG OF LETTERS DROPPED BY THE MAIL-TRAIN.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

The End of the Season.

"And half the pleasure of giving a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over."

So said Tom Hood in the ballad of Miss Kilmanseg, or at least he said something very much like it, for I am far too jaded to look through the lengthy work to find the lines. They come into my mind in considering the fact that the Season of 1909 is over, and the jaded critic is glad. People are fond of using the term "jaded" about us, though, in reality, when anything with the least flavour of novelty is offered, we are more excited than even the youngest of playgoers. In the fanciful language of the wine merchant, whose florid efforts probably gave birth to the picturesque efforts of the sporting journalists, the 1909 crop has lacked body. It has exhibited an almost unparalleled collection of failures, and by the time we are buying our spades and buckets for the seaside very few of the crop will be alive. At the moment of writing only eleven of the first-class West-End theatres are open. At one of them, those diverting people "The Follies" are giving a capital entertainment; at another is "The Merry Widow," but she does not belong to this vintage. The others are of this period, but most of them have been running a comparatively short time. The oldest is "What Every Woman Knows," and it is certainly the best of the plays produced in the ordinary traffic of the stage since last year, even if the great Mr. Harry Lauder has succeeded in discovering a taint of immorality in it. I fancy "The King of Cadonia" is a day older, and undoubtedly it is a very agreeable specimen of musical comedy. The third appears to be "Penelope," which promises to enjoy as great a success as its author's play, "Lady Frederick." Next comes "Henry of Navarre," at which most of the critics poked fun, and yet it has proved a triumph for Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. "Our Miss Gibbs" follows closely on the heels of these, and threatens to be one of the great successes of the Gaiety. After this, one has to jump to April for any of the survivors, a pretty big bound.

The Failures.

A list of the plays that have lost money in 1909 would about fill the rest of my column, yet it cannot be doubted that many have been failures on account of a change in public taste, which has rendered the management of theatres an appalling speculation. Mr. Kendal, a few months ago, and Mr. Curzon quite lately have been discussing sadly the fact that it is no longer possible to feel confident about the fate of a new piece: to be more accurate I ought to say that it is no longer possible to feel sure that a new play will pay its way.

The Experiments—The Censor.

The dead or dying season has been of prodigious activity. All sorts of experiments have been made. The "Afternoon Theatre" has been founded, and although it has had bad luck owing to the Censor's treatment of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the venture has been successful and is well established. "The Pioneer's" has died, but other experimental theatre societies have taken its place, and upon about four Sundays out of five novelties have been offered to playgoers, to say nothing about trial performances on week-days. Moreover, at last the prodigious assaults upon the Censor have had some effect, and there is to be a Parliamentary inquiry. There is also a Committee to consider some important questions of stage right, and probably its efforts will cause an end to be put to the making of unauthorised adaptations of novels, and bring within bounds the dangerous competition of the cinematograph. Also, there are signs that war between the theatres and music-halls may break out again. At one time I was in favour of Free Trade in drama, but, on the whole, I think it may be said that the efforts of the halls in the way of sketches, as a rule, are so utterly valueless as drama that it will be a good thing if their competition with the theatres is checked: this competition is serious on account of facts quite disconnected with the merits of their programmes.



A DESCENDANT OF NAPOLEON AS NAPOLEON.
MR. JUAN BONAPARTE IN "THE DEATH
OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

Mr. Juan Bonaparte, who can claim to be a direct descendant of the great Napoleon, has been playing in a sketch entitled "The Death of Napoleon Buonaparte," which he hopes to be able to present later in one or other of the West End halls. He comes from the Polish branch of the family.

The Foreigners and Répertoire.

A feature of 1909 has been the smallness of the foreign invasion, which is not a little surprising, unless, indeed, one counts Americans as foreigners, and most of us shrink from this. But Miss Horniman's attack upon the Metropolis came as a surprise to Londoners, since she presented an admirable company with a repertoire consisting almost exclusively of modern English comedies possessing very considerable merit. Répertoire is in the air. Of course, we know that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, whose well-deserved knight-hood has given great satisfaction to everybody connected with the theatres, has for some years past possessed a rich Shakespearean repertoire, and we have had the Irish Theatre repertoire as well as Miss Horniman's, and now we are promised a repertoire system by the ubiquitous Mr. Frohman.

The Future.

Probably 1910 will resemble 1909 in the main—that is to say, it will see a continuation of the breaking-up of an old system rather than the firm foundation of the new. Many surprising failures will take place, yet, on the whole, things look bright except for the mysterious theatrical financiers. We are steadily moving towards the time when we shall possess a modern drama that can fairly be compared with the drama of France and Germany.



KIPLING'S "THE VAMPIRE" AS A PLAY: "A FOOL THERE WAS," WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED FOR PRODUCTION IN THIS COUNTRY.

"A Fool There Was," which is based upon Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Vampire," was produced in New York recently, and has been bought, for presentation in this country, by Mr. Herbert Sleath.—[Photograph by White.]

"LA FOI": TO PLAY A BLIND WOMAN IN "FALSE GODS."



SIR HERBERT TREE'S LATEST RECRUIT: MISS MONA LIMERICK, WHO IS TO APPEAR AS MIERIS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Miss Limerick was a member of Miss Horniman's company, and was seen recently at the Coronet. There it was, indeed, that Sir Herbert Tree "found" her. In "False Gods," Mr. James Bernard Fagan's version of Eugène Brieux's "La Foi," which is due at His Majesty's early in September, she will appear as Mieris, a blind woman. Sir Herbert himself will be content with a small, though very important part, that of the High Priest; Miss Evelyn D'Alroy is to be the heroine, Yaouma; and Mr. Henry Ainley will play Satni, the young priest who is led to deny the gods he worshipped.

Photographs by S. Elwin Neame.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Under Which Prince?

The new troubles in Persia must remind King Edward a little of the turbulent days of his own House. When Prince Albert was born, the position of the Coburg family was extremely difficult. Napoleon had forbidden all the hereditary rulers of the land to assume the reins of office. The banishment of the tyrant was followed by the

death of the ruler of Coburg. Here was a fine chance for a strong man to step in and snatch the ducal sceptre. A tough old uncle of the heir had his eye on the seat. It was Prince Franz Josias of Saxony. "Has full permission been given to the Lord Hereditary Prince to take into his hands the reins of government?" he solicitously inquired; adding, "If this is not the case, I should indisputably have to undertake control of affairs myself." He mentioned a coming-of-age of the hereditary prince, but when a man is seated in power, sometimes he forgets to step down. Had he done so in

as against any other State desiring to purchase the territory. The provoking thing is, that we might at that time have had the whole bag of tricks for £12,000, but would not.

Tact—At a Price.

It is welcome news that the fund patronised by the King for securing to the nation master-

pieces with the loss of which we are threatened, is making good progress. But when the country comes officially into the market as a picture-buyer, we really must see that the nominees are well posted as to facts, or we shall be finding ourselves landed as France was. One of her Presidents when conducted round the Salon, stopped before a big picture to exclaim, "What a terrible daub! Whose is it?" To his unspeakable horror he was informed that the "daub" was the work of the distinguished artist by whom he was being piloted through the exhibition. A momentary awful pause, then the President gulped down his embarrassment, and replied with the nicest smile in the world—"In our



EATING FLOWERS: CRYSTALLISED ROSES THAT SUPPLANT CRYSTALLISED FRUITS.

In a good many instances crystallised flowers replace the more familiar crystallised fruits at dessert, and their popularity is becoming greater day by day.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

this case it would have made all the difference in the world to the House of Coburg in general, and the future Prince Consort of England in particular.

A Lost Opportunity.

Delagoa Bay is reported to be in the market again, and the opinion has been expressed that Great Britain ought to secure it before any other Power with a long purse snaps it up. We may sleep quietly in our beds and fear no more for Delagoa Bay than Sir John Fisher fears for the British Navy. It is ours if and when Portugal wishes to sell. We are bound by treaties to Portugal for ever and ever—that literally is the period for which our treaty with her provides—so she is not likely to want to let another Power come between us. And she could not if she would. If every man had his due, Delagoa Bay would be ours already. Portugal had it, it is true, but her occupation was again and again disturbed, and it seems pretty clear that we honestly gained it under a cession from a native chief when Portugal was not there. But an arbitration award went against us. The safeguard as to its future, however, was this: it was agreed, before the arbitration, that the Power against whom the decision went should have thereafter from the successful Power a right of pre-emption



SWEETS YOU MAY GROW IN YOUR GARDEN: CRYSTALLISED LILAC.

Most flowers can be crystallised with excellent results, and in every case the sweetmeat retains the scent of the blossom. Flavours may be varied to suit the individual palate.

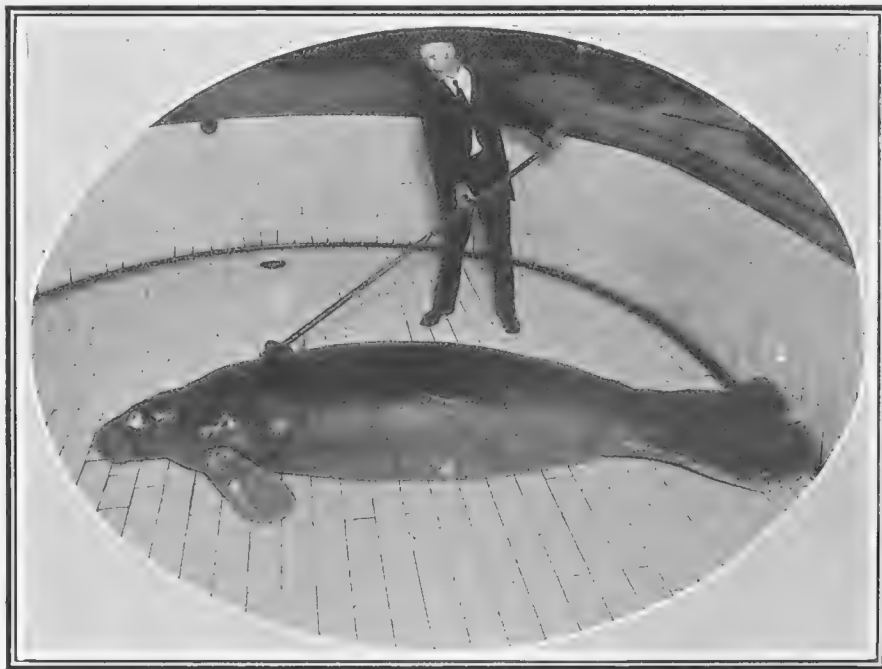
Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

country it is our habit, when we are going to buy an article, always to run it down!" The situation was saved, but the hapless nation had to buy the picture.

Sometimes a Light Quite a brisk little

discussion is running on the best manner in which to fill a five-foot bookshelf. One practical housewife claims for her plants the balance left over by her fond husband's pipes and tobacco. Supposing, however, that the bookshelf were devoted to books what fun it would be to get their owner sometimes to read some of them. The idea is new, and merits consideration by prospective possessors of five-footers. Such surprises come to people when they begin, after long rest, to read. A literary member of the present Government was sitting one night at dinner next a charming girl, who confided to him that she "loved reading." It interested him, of course, and he

asked, "What are you reading now?" "Oh, Blank's 'Life of Charles the First,'" she said. "Ah, yes, a very good little book, and when he comes to the Trial—" She raised her pretty hands in supplication, "Oh, don't tell me what happens!" she implored.



A VEGETARIAN! MASSAGING THE MANATEE AT NIGHT, AFTER HAVING DRAINED THE WATER FROM ITS "POND."

Our photograph was taken in an American "Zoo," and is excellent proof of the statement that the manatee is easily tamed. For the information of those who have nothing more than a nodding acquaintance with this curious sea-cow, we may say that it is vegetarian in diet, that it frequents both sides of the Atlantic, that it is some eight feet long when full grown, and that it is hunted for its hide and oil.

Photograph by Brasley.

THE NEW WALL GAME.



THE DINER: Sheemsh ter me th' fursh, thing to decide 's whether I'm leanin' against the 'wall or lyin' on th' pavement!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"That Merry Thunder Shower."

Mr. Patrick Kirwan, whose annual season of pastoral plays began last week at Leighton House with a representation of the Poet Laureate's play, "Achilles in Scyros," and continued with a daily change of bill, has probably suffered more through the vagaries

of the weather than any other manager, for several of his seasons at the Botanical Gardens were hopelessly marred by the rain which often came down just in time to spoil the performance. One notable example of this—it inevitably recalls the incident related on this page last week—occurred during a presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The night was beautifully fine when the play began. In the middle of the performance, however, there came a heavy thunder shower which drenched everybody and everything. Poor Titania happened to be asleep at the moment, and as the rain beat relentlessly on to the stage, a well-meaning individual, after putting a pair of neat goloshes on the feet of one of the fairies, gave her a mackintosh to take on and cover the Queen of the Elves, whom she, by that simple and merciful act, dragged away from fairyland and transformed into a mere mortal.

Caliban and the Curate.

during a production of "The Tempest," in which he now plays Caliban instead of Prospero. On this occasion, the stage was so arranged that Caliban's entrance was through a summer-house, near which a curate had taken his place. The cleric was either dozing or had fallen into a reverie, for when Caliban's cue came, and, with a realistic roar, the actor made his entrance, his uncouth and utterly unhuman appearance so disconcerted the curate that he jumped up with a yell and rushed wildly away through the rest of the audience.

An Orchestra of One.

entertainment that the play becomes a secondary consideration. That, however, is the experience of Miss Isabel Grey, who is playing in "Thalia's Tea-Cup," by Mr. Norreys Connell, with which the Court Theatre re-opened on Saturday evening. She was engaged by a prominent actor-manager to play in his Shakespeare repertoire, and had to join the company at Cork. The crossing of



PRINCESS AND ACTRESS: MME. LYDIA YAWORSKAIA (PRINCESS BARIATINSKY) IN "RESURRECTION."

Princess Bariatinsky, who is visiting England for the first time in order to study the art of our principal actors and actresses, is known as the Russian Bernhardt. Her stage name is Lydia Yaworskaia. She is a woman with strong revolutionary ideas. Her husband, Prince Bariatinsky, is a great personal friend of the Czar, with whom he was a playmate as a boy, and he is one of the foremost dramatists in Russia. Like his wife, he is very democratic, and several of his plays have been banned by the Censor. In Russia the Princess is the owner of her own theatre. If suitable arrangements can be made, it is quite possible that she will appear in one of her husband's plays whilst in this country.

Photographs by Halfones.

From the point of view of realism, however, one of the most amusing incidents in Mr. Kirwan's experience happened

in Mr. Kirwan's experience happened during a production of "The Tempest," in which he now plays Caliban instead of Prospero. On this occasion, the stage was so arranged that Caliban's entrance was through a summer-house, near which a curate had taken his place. The cleric was either dozing or had fallen into a reverie, for when Caliban's cue came, and, with a realistic roar, the actor made his entrance, his uncouth and utterly unhuman appearance so disconcerted the curate that he jumped up with a yell and rushed wildly away through the rest of the audience.

It is not often that an orchestra, especially when that orchestra consists of a single individual, so completely revolutionises the evening's play becomes a secondary consideration. That, however, is the experience of Miss Isabel Grey, who is playing in "Thalia's Tea-Cup," by Mr. Norreys Connell, with which the Court Theatre re-opened on Saturday evening. She was engaged by a prominent actor-manager to play in his Shakespeare repertoire, and had to join the company at Cork. The crossing of

the Irish Sea is one whose charms Miss Grey is never able to appreciate, and she arrived feeling tired and very far from well. The rehearsal for the play of the evening was going on when she got to the theatre, and, as the band had struck for some reason, things were not going as smoothly as they might otherwise have done. In her anxiety to help the management out of a difficulty, Miss Grey remarked with considerable naïveté that, as the play announced for the evening was "Macbeth," she might be able to help, for she could play the "Macbeth" music on the piano, and a few other "pieces." The management gladly availed itself of this offer, as it was too late to arrange anything else, and asked her to go into the orchestra and do her best. She went. She played all the music—school music—she knew, and then Locke's incidental music to "Macbeth," which was, of course, appropriate, and was faced by the fact that there were four entr'actes to be considered. In despair, she went to the manager and asked what she was to do to keep the "boys in the gallery quiet," for she did not know anything more. In desperation, the manager replied, "Do anything. Play to them, sing to them—only do something." Thus adjured, Miss Grey began to sing. She sang "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "Killarney," and other similar songs, to the evident delight of the gallery, for when the curtain rose again the "gods" shouted, "Down with the rag, and let the girl sing again." It was a compliment which was scarcely appreciated by the manager. Instead of expressing gratitude for the successful efforts which she had made at keeping the audience quiet, he stood at the side shaking his fist at her and expressing himself in rather forcible language on the effect she had wrought. That was Miss Grey's first and last

appearance in the orchestra, for although she was a member of the company for many months, she was never again asked to deputise for the band.

The Cat that Ought to Have Been Cremated.

Some years ago, when Mr. William Mollison was playing Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman" and Mr. Frederick Volpé was the Chandler, the two actors were the victims of an incident which robbed the great scene of the play of all its realism. It will be remembered that in that scene the old potter breaks up all his furniture to throw on to the



THE RUSSIAN BERNHARDT: MME. LYDIA YAWORSKAIA IN "RESURRECTION."

furnace of the kiln which, at the end, he tears down to see what has happened to the "pieces" he has been firing for some time. On the evening in question, the play had gone with its customary effect until this culminating point was reached. Cyrus had broken down the kiln, and gathering together some cloths to prevent himself getting burned, he proceeded to remove the pieces of ware. As he went to the kiln, a large black cat got out slowly, arched its back, and stretched itself with every suggestion of complacency, then looked at the actor and walked off the stage. The audience, whose imagination had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement at the idea of the burning furnace, roared with laughter.

MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



VI.—LEANDER IS INTERVIEWED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE "HEBDOMADAL REFLECTOR" BEFORE HIS LAST SWIM ACROSS THE HELLESPONT.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A Great Scheme. I have observed from time to time institutions for teaching people to write—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say for teaching people so to write as to get their writing published. How far they are successes I know not. There used to be a “school of journalism,” and for anything I know there is still: I hope it is flourishing. Then I read about a school; conducted by correspondence, for teaching people to write stories and essays. I hope *that* flourishes too, and is doing a good and profitable work. But I venture to assert that I have

an idea in my head for a scheme which ought to be of greater value than either. It is—I won't keep your anxiety on the rack—a school for autobiographers. The other schemes are all very well; I don't dispute for a moment that journalists and novelists have much to gain, as a rule, from going to school. By all means let them be taught to write grammatically and to make their little effects prettily. But, after all, there is an enormous supply of journalists and novelists, and the different publics will get the sorts they want in the long run, schools or no schools, systems or no systems, and the other sorts, not wanted, are either too good for schools and publics alike, or else do not matter very much, do they? The case of memoir-writing people is different. It is true that they threaten to become almost as numerous as journalists and novelists, and that the bulk of them may not matter enormously. But most of them—unlike journalists and novelists—have something to say if they could only say it, and some of them have a great deal to say and can't say it either. I come to their rescue, and the rescue of the public, with my scheme.

A Waste in Memoirs.

One might almost

say that everybody with a life of average interest behind him has something to tell us if he would be candid and deal faithfully with himself and his surroundings. And, whether or no, almost everybody is arriving at the idea that he has something to say, and is setting about the saying of it. Then there are heaps of people who really have had interesting experiences and seen interesting phases of interesting other people. Now, the writing of memoirs, no more than any other work, can be done well if it is done slap-dash and anyhow, and it too often is so done. Some of the many recent autobiographers have had a natural gift for the thing, but I say boldly that even they might have been improved if they had had more method and thought for lucid narration. Very well: my scheme for tuition in these matters will supply what has been lacking. Intending writers of memoirs will come with an outline of their mass

of material, and will be shown how to arrange it nicely and effectively, and have impressed upon them the usefulness of names and dates in the right places, and be given an idea of connection between events and good stories and—there is no end to the good that will be done them. Sometimes, even, people with interesting memoirs and no thought of writing, will be encouraged to write, or supplied with a skilful hand to do it for them. There are such people. I once saw something of an old man who had long lived—it was said by his own fault—“out of

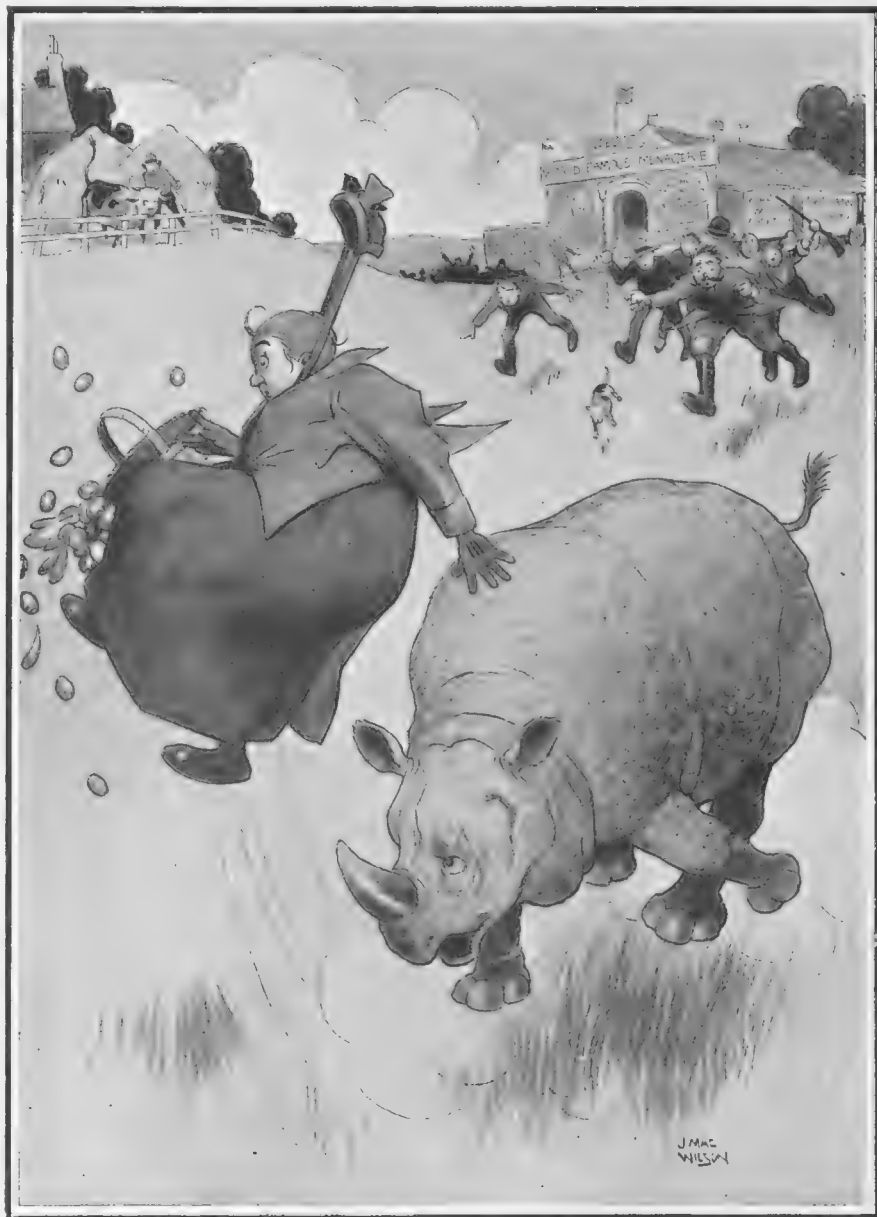
the world,” but had had a blazing youth, when he had done all sorts of dashing things, and had been intimate with D'Orsay and Louis Napoleon, and if I had not been too lazy, I might have made a capital book of his reminiscences. Well . . . I won't give any more details of my scheme, for fear they should be appropriated. But you just wait and see.

More Leaves.

I have been led into this brilliant and original notion by a book called “Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures,” by the author of “Leaves from a Life” (Eveleigh Nash), which I have just been reading. It is a readable book enough, though not so amusing as “Leaves from a Life.” I remember that the reviewers had something to say in that case of too plain speaking, of unkind remarks about old acquaintances and so forth. For my part, I was much too entertained by these so-called indiscretions to quarrel with them: that seemed ungrateful. This book, however, is far kinder and mellow— and also far less lively. It is all about the writer's life in the country, and full of peaceful descriptions of old families and customs, farmhouses and the like. Beyond a reference to “a most ungrateful and detestable relation of mine,” and no name is given, there is hardly an unkind word in it. There is

much of interest in the book, and I recommend it heartily. But my point is this. The author is evidently a practised writer, but she has not taken anything like enough pains. The sequence is not orderly; there is no proper arrangement of dates and there is a needless reticence in names. She gives the names of many friends and acquaintances, and those of them who are alive, or their children, might know her's, but it is never given. By obvious inference she is a daughter of Mr. Frith, R.A., but her married name, and the name of the country town and district she describes—and which, of course, heaps of people must know—are withheld. That is irritating. A readable book, but it might have been so much better, and so might have been many others. But let me end by saying that I enjoyed it very much, with its good spirits and good sense, and its touch of entertaining acerbity.

N. O. I.



HER LITTLE MISTAKE.

THE LADY: There! I knew it! That fool of a Giles has let the old bull escape again.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER.



THE FOND MOTHER: Come in, Hamish.

HAMISH: A will na.

THE FOND MOTHER: Come in.

HAMISH: A will na.

THE FOND MOTHER: Come in, an' ye shall have another pot to smash.

DRAWN BY GODFREY WILSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SOLUTION.

By DEREK VANE.

"HE is a genius," the man said, "and you can't judge genius by normal rules. It's an abnormal thing. You must let it go its own way and do as it likes if it is to reach its full strength. Of course, he ought never to have married."

"I suppose not. But it must have been a temptation. She's a charming person, if a little narrow and Puritan. In that dove-grey frock, with her neatly-parted hair and soft voice, she reminded me of some dainty Quakeress of a hundred years ago. I can understand the attraction."

"The attraction of opposites. Look at him! A modern—a degenerate, if you will—a product of the age, and yet of no age, for genius is of all time. But in Emmott's case it has most of the present-day tendencies grafted on it. When you listen to his music—not the stuff you heard to-night, but what it used to be—you see visions and dream dreams. You think of all that might have been and is not. You suddenly become aware, as Pater says, of 'The great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world.'"

"It does not sound very cheerful."

"Cheerful?" with withering contempt. "If that is all you want, you can get it at any music-hall, or in the street on a barrel-organ, with a monkey thrown in!"

"All right, old chap, don't waste your energy. But, seriously, if Emmott was determined to marry, I don't see what else could have been done. He was bound to turn over a new leaf."

"I don't agree with you. If the woman had loved him well enough, she would have taken him as he was—the natural man—not the unnatural creature she has tried to make him. The change is only skin-deep, after all. He is waking out of his love-dream now and getting restless; I could see it to-night. He hated to play to us, I know, only she made him. He knew what poor, mechanical stuff it was."

"Well, to my commonplace intelligence, it seems to show an unnatural, unhealthy condition of mind and body when any gift requires to be stimulated in such a fashion for it to attain full power and expression."

"Unnatural? Of course it is. That is what I said in the beginning. Genius is abnormal. If Emmott cannot do himself justice except under the influence of some strong stimulant, then I say, let him have it. How do we know what his nerves need—what his progenitors have done for him? He is as he is made. All genius is more or less neurotic. Given such a talent as his, he will be miserable if he can't use it. It is beginning to worry him now."

"Do you mean to say that his ability depends on brandy?"

"Practically. It does not affect him as it would you or me. It seems simply to set him free—to give his genius full play. He is carried out of himself, lifted above all other considerations. Now he is bound in chains, hampered and oppressed; he can't let himself go. Why this should be I don't profess to understand. I only know that it is."

"Certainly there was nothing exceptional in his playing to-night. It was good, of course, but wooden. It seemed to lack inspiration."

"And before it was like listening to one inspired—to something more, or less, than human. He could drop you into hell almost as easily as he took you up to heaven. It wasn't all pleasure to listen to him. It was almost too weird and uncanny at times. He was Paganini at the piano, and"—with a laugh—"they say the devil helped him."

"Then I don't wonder that pretty creature was a little shocked and frightened."

"Neither do I; but it's a confounded pity, all the same. He

was just beginning to attract attention; people were beginning to talk about him. Now"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"he'll drop out, as so many have done before him. London hasn't time to inquire after its failures. If he had only gone on as he had begun it would have been at his feet before many months were over. Once he had made them listen they would never have forgotten."

"How did Emmott come to marry, do you know? I should not have thought he had any taste for domestic life."

"He hasn't; but how many men who marry have, do you suppose, unless they have reached the armchair-and-nursing stage? We marry our dreams, our romance, our hopes—not the stuffy domesticity of married life. Emmott fell in love like the rest of us, only more so, and was ready to pledge earth and heaven to win her. As a matter of fact, he pledged his future and all that it would have meant—fame, wealth, and honour. It was the price she set on herself. He must become a total abstainer or she would have none of him. . . . Well, he is one."

"You look tired, dear," Rachel Emmott said gently, as she moved about the room putting little things straight after their friends had gone. "I thought it was a very pleasant evening, but I'm afraid you didn't enjoy it as much."

"Oh yes, it was well enough."

"What is it, Paul? Something is the matter. Tell me." She came round the back of his chair and put her hand on his shoulder. He reached up and took it in his own, but he continued to stare into the fire with heavy, brooding eyes.

"I made a fool of myself to-night," he said bitterly. She did not need to ask how, she understood. Not that she was any judge of music: she cared little for it, but she cared very much for Paul Emmott, and that helped her to arrive at the truth, to understand something of what he felt.

"Fanshawe knew, of course. I don't know about the other man, he hasn't heard me before. You mustn't ask me to play again, Ray—not to anybody who understands, who knows what I used to be."

"I liked your playing to-night," she said tenderly; "it was beautiful. I liked it much better than I did when it was so wild and stormy and strange. I used to think of all kinds of dreadful, unhappy things—things I never think of in an ordinary way. Of poor creatures out in the cold and rain, wandering up and down; of evil things lying in wait and shrieking with triumph; of—" She stopped with a shudder.

"And now what do I make you think of? Little joys and little loves, of a nice, fat, comfortable world?" He gave a mocking laugh.

"Paul, you're not sorry?" a little hurt and puzzled. "You have been so good and brave, you have made such a grand fight. It is six months now since you promised, and you have never looked back; never faltered. It has quite gone. You have routed the enemy completely."

"Enemy? Well, perhaps so. Enemy, certainly, when I think of all that he has taken with him."

"I can understand, though you may not think I can. I know how it helped you, but it was a false friend, Paul. It would have ruined you in the end. You are strong and clever enough to stand alone. Have a little patience and it will all come back, all the old power, but better and purer than it was before."

"I hope to heaven it will, or we shall be in a bad way, sweet-heart. You know I haven't been doing much lately, and my balance at the bank is getting uncomfortably low. It's no use my going to the agents; I daren't play in public as I am now, I should

[Continued overleaf.]

VERSE AND WORSE!



THE POET—AND A LEAF FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK: ILLUSTRATING THE SOARING OF A SOUL
ABOVE SORDID SURROUNDINGS.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

ruin myself completely. I've lost my nerve, my imagination—everything except a certain mechanical facility which hundreds of others possess as well as I."

"I am sorry, for your sake," she said, "but I shall never complain, whatever happens—I am too thankful. You were ruining yourself body and soul. I should hate," with sudden vehemence, "to owe anything to such a deadly thing. Nothing that came to us through such a poisoned source could be a blessing."

"What a little fanatic it is!" he said tenderly, taking the pretty flushed face between his hands. "You look quite excited, your eyes are shining like stars. What blue pools they are, so clear and yet so deep; I am content to lose myself in them and let the world go by."

But Paul Emmott was a man of many moods, and there were times when his art, like an imprisoned spirit, clamoured to be heard—when it was something little less than torture to deny it expression. He would sit down at the piano, but it would not come out. It clamoured still behind the bars; it wanted the magic touch by which alone it could be released. Trying only made matters worse. It was too delicate, too indefinable a thing to be coerced by rules or determination. Emmott would sit there, hour after hour, till the sweat ran down his face, battling against temptation—trying, praying, cursing.

And the result remained the same.

Rachel came in one night and found him like this. His head had dropped on the keys and his face was covered by his hands.

"Paul!" she cried in alarm. "Paul, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Ill in body and soul," he answered wildly. "I can hide it no longer. Give me back my freedom; let me give voice to the thing crying within me, or I shall go mad. I've fought it all these months, but it won't be silenced and it won't speak. It's torture—you don't understand!"

She took his head in her arms, crooning over him like a mother with a child, whispering words of hope and comfort, praying him to keep faith, not to give way.

"This may be the last struggle," she said. "It may be a last effort of the evil thing to get you back. If you hold firm now, perhaps it will go and you will be free. If you were once clear of the past, if the old thoughts and longings would only leave you, you would be a new man. There would be no more trouble."

"Perhaps," he said bitterly. "But if that part of me went, my old power would go with it. I am convinced of that now. I have tried my hardest—before Heaven I have! but nothing comes of it but pain and misery. I am helpless . . . Once upon a time," his voice growing soft and dreamy, "when I sat here, as I am sitting now, something would come over me—warm—irresistible—quivering with life and knowledge. I knew all things; I dreamed of things of which men have no knowledge. I was like one possessed. I was merely an instrument—the medium of a power far stronger than I. I played as my master wished—as he thought."

"Oh, but this is madness," she cried. "You must not give way to such ideas, Paul. You frighten me."

"When my hands dropped from the keys I scarcely knew what I had been playing. I was so exhausted sometimes that I could hardly crawl away to rest; but I was happy—happy, as I never am now."

"Paul, Paul! You are breaking my heart."

"Don't be afraid," he said coldly; "I have given you my word and I shall keep it—keep it at all costs. You, and you only can release me. My fate is in your hands."

"I must hold you firm, even against your will," she said; "I love you too well to yield. You will thank me some day. But if not, better lose everything than buy success at such a price. It must be an evil gift that can only be kept alive in such a way. You would be better without it."

"You don't understand," he said again; "It is my *life*, whether it be good or evil. I am nothing without it—a maimed, broken thing, only half alive. I have never held that music is a holy art. In my opinion, it is far more human than divine; it can debase as well as exalt. We may be sure"—with a harsh laugh—"that if there is music to accompany the choir of angels in heaven, there is also a song of lost souls elsewhere."

The Emmotts had been married a year when a child was born, and this event strained their slender resources to the uttermost. Emmott flung his pride to the winds, and gave lessons to any pupils he could find, but they were not many. He was not suited to such drudgery; he made a worse teacher than others far less gifted. He hated the work, and his pupils were rather frightened of the dark, cadaverous-looking man who came and went with hardly a word, who sat like a statue and was indifferent to their noblest efforts.

"I don't know how you can endure it," Fanshawe said angrily. "Talk about putting Pegasus in harness! You do worse—you trample your muse in the dust. It is a sinful waste—a degradation, nothing less."

"It is for Ray and the child," Emmott answered dully. He rarely got excited over anything nowadays—he had not the strength or energy. Even his art had ceased to trouble him to the same extent as formerly. He was growing dull and indifferent.

"I have no patience with such petty morals and maxims, with trimming human creatures down to one monotonous pattern! All the originality must be lopped off, so that we may be made to fit the same commonplace mould." He made a contemptuous sound with his lips. "Why, even now it is not too late, if you would only listen to reason. Hirsch was asking me only the other day what had become of you, and saying he would be glad to look at anything you had."

"I have nothing—or, at least, nothing that would do for him. I only compose waltzes and schoolgirl pieces nowadays—something tuneful, you know, and showy, that pleases the parents."

"Good Lord! . . . Is it any use my talking, Emmott? Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing. I promised my wife, you see, and I must keep my word."

"But surely now, when it is so necessary you should be making some money, she would give way—if not for her own sake, for the child's?"

Emmott shook his head.

"It is useless," he said; "I have tried. She is more fixed and determined than ever. She won't move. It is almost like a mania; she would rather die of starvation than give way. She takes up her stand on that point, you see. She thinks," with a mirthless laugh, "that the welfare of my immortal soul depends on it. And I," bitterly, "I am so poor a creature as to be at the mercy of the one thing that is withheld from me. I can do nothing without it."

Rachel Emmott did not actually die of starvation, but when her baby was a year old she slipped out of life through sheer weariness. The brave spirit never faltered, but the flesh was weak. She was not fashioned for so hard a life. Paul was stunned by the blow, and before he could gather strength to face it, fate, in the way she has, dealt him a second. The child was taken ill.

"You must take him into the country," the doctor said; "he is too delicate to thrive in such air as this. He must go away at once, and have every care and attention, or I won't answer for the consequences. He is pining away here."

When he had gone, Paul Emmott stood without moving, as though he had been stricken dumb and motionless. Then he laughed aloud. Take him into the country!—feed him on costly nourishing things! Where was the money to come from? He laughed again. The child cried out at the harsh sound, and Emmott went over to comfort him. There was a great love between these two. From the first the child had clung to his father as he did to no one else, and for Emmott there was now nothing in the world but his son.

"I must save him—I must save him," he was saying over and over again to himself as he patted the little wasted body with a hand as tender as a woman's. "Everything else has gone—I must save him."

When the child had fallen asleep he sat hour after hour by his side, staring out into the gathering darkness with empty eyes, thinking—thinking. Night had come when at last he got up and went out. He was back in a few minutes with something under his arm. It was a bottle of brandy. Without either haste or hesitation, with a hand that was perfectly steady, he drew the cork and poured some of the spirit into a glass. The smell sent a quiver through him, and his eyes brightened. He added some water and drained the glass. Then he sat down at the piano.

The old power, which had been unused so long, did not come back all at once. For an hour or more his fingers wandered aimlessly, almost helplessly, over the keys. Then there were a few bars that would have riveted the attention, if there had been any to hear—some chords that only a master hand could have struck, and gradually the doubt and hesitation died away, the face grew rapt and inspired. Paul Emmott had come by his own again.

But the bottle of brandy was half-empty before he began to compose in earnest, writing down the wonderful music that flowed so easily now, with scarcely a pause. Did he not know so well what he wanted to say? Was it not all there, clamouring to be heard, to be brought to life, seething in his brain so that he could hardly keep pace with it?

When he had finished, the grey dawn was creeping into the room. Emmott shivered as though a chill hand had touched him, and drew a deep breath as he leant back in his chair. The madness of possession was leaving him, the wonderful fire had burnt out; he felt cold and weary and empty. He would be glad to rest. Well, there was not much more to be done.

He gathered the scattered sheets together, wrote at the top of the first page, "To my Son," and addressed the packet to Fanshawe. It would be worth a little fortune in his capable hands. Then he unlocked a drawer and took out a revolver. He remembered what an incongruous gift he had thought it when it first came into his possession. What could he ever want with such a thing? Now it provided the only way out—the only solution. He had saved his son, but he had been false to his word, broken his promise to his dead wife. He could not go on living after that.

He raised his hand and fired. For an instant he stood upright, wondering whether anything had happened . . . then he went down like a log.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

TIME was when grandchildren brought grey hairs and a lace cap to the heads of their grandmothers; nowadays there are ladies not at all ashamed of having good looks and grandchildren at the same time. At the children's party at Buckingham Palace, at Lady Balcarres' children's party, and at the Duchess of Buccleuch's, mothers' mothers passed muster for mothers. The Duchess of Buccleuch enjoyed herself as much as her grandchildren; the Marchioness of Zetland, the Dowager Marchioness of Headfort, and Lady Aberdare all attended with their children's children. And of the two, the Princess of Wales and the little Princess Mary of Wales, who is a particularly learned and demure maiden—she has made a special study, among other things, of John Wesley—there seemed to be as little to choose in the matter of years as ever there could be between mother and daughter.

Schoolboys' Manners.

There are public rivalries between public schools, and their relative merits on the cricket-field or on the river are made known. But a private appraisal overheard, from charming lips, at Lord's the other day is not without its own value. "A Harrow boy," said this observer, "offers to get you a chair; an Eton boy says nothing, but gets it; a Rugby boy seizes and sits on it." Of course, the fair aphorist's own brothers were at Eton; and we should like to have the situation summed up with equal point, and perhaps with equal prejudice, by the sister of a Harrovian and the sister of a Rugbeian.

The New Infanta. The new Infanta, who is, it should not be forgotten, in the direct line of succession—for in Spain the Salic Law does not obtain—has been given as her first name Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother.

The baby Princess's christening, which took place in the royal village of La Granja, was a beautiful and elaborate ceremony, graced by the presence of a very splendid company of royalties and members of the high nobility. King Alfonso is a proud and devoted father, and he seems to be already exceptionally fond of his little daughter. As is meet and right, among the Infanta's seven names is that of Isabella, for the Spaniards are ever mindful of the great Queen who was so kind a friend and patron to Christopher Columbus. The Princess's first summer will be spent at San Sebastian, that beautiful and

quaint Basque fishing town and port to which her parents show such decided favour.

Clothes and the Man.

The Diplomatic Corps of America is not allowed Court-dress nor any of those badges which are the customary emblems of a Minister's dignity; and Mr. Hardy has complained. He says that the American diplomatist is often at a disadvantage: at Court or official functions he is conspicuous through being inconspicuous. Orders dangle on other breasts, and black velvet may clothe any figure but his, and he is hurt. That he is right to be hurt there is no doubt, although we question whether many other members of Mr. Hardy's corps have suffered any loss of dignity or prestige because of this by-law of the Diplomatic dressing-room. He is right, because Court-dress is the most becoming that has ever been contrived for man's wearing. Even a Lord Anglesey, a handsome giant in a glorious uniform, is not so happily clothed for a State function as the gentlemen in knee-breeches and silk stockings. But is Mr. Hardy quite right, I wonder, in maintaining that the one desire of a Minister at a foreign Court is to be inconspicuous? Does he forget the Marquess de Soveral's bright brown frock-coat—the admirable garment in which he has braved London's weather and London's lorgnettes? Next year, doubtless, that coat will be the fashion, for, like his friend the King's, the Marquess's wardrobe is much noted.



BABY IN CHINA: MME. CHAO-CHU-WU, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE CHINESE MINISTER IN NEW YORK, AND HER CHILD.

Photograph by the Topley Press.

The Height of Fame!

Lord Beaconsfield is said to have once observed that no Englishman could hold himself either famous or infamous unless he was to be seen in effigy at Mme. Tussaud's! This fate has just befallen Queen Wilhelmina and her little daughter, and crowds of holiday-makers will wend their way

to the pretty group next Monday, for a Bank Holiday crowd dearly loves royalty in any form and shape. Should the Queen of Holland visit England in the near future we may be sure that she will endeavour to find time to pay an incognito visit to the most famous wax-works in the world, for even if indifferent as to how she herself has been reproduced there, she will be curious to see how the artist in wax has dealt with Princess Juliana, who is, by the way, becoming an exceedingly pretty baby, fair and plump, as a Dutch infant should be, also placid and happy-looking.



BABY IN A WOOD: THE KING OF SPAIN WITH HIS INFANT DAUGHTER, PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Photograph by World's Graphic Press.



BABY IN WAX: "QUEEN WILHELMINA AND HER DAUGHTER," AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

Photograph by Grahame, Ellery, and Co.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Autumn Handicaps. The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be published in a few days, and it is safe to predict plenty of patronage for both races, as owners know that the betting is good, and like to see their horses running at Newmarket. For the longer race there are several street-corner tips. The Nut is very much fancied by the best judges, while inquiries have been made for Sir Harry, Glacis, Pure Gem, Shuletoi, Yentoi, and Rushcutter. Even Hammerkop, a past winner of the race, is quoted in the Continental lists, and if this mare has returned to her best form, she should go very close. On their Ascot wins, Pure Gem, Rushcutter, and Sir Harry are entitled to notice, and Shuletoi's runaway victory at the last Newmarket meeting is not likely to be overlooked by students of form. The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, turn out to be the best betting medium of the year. The present fancies for the race are Bracelet, trained by Lewis; Cocksure II., trained by the Hon. G.

Lambton; and Land League, a winner of the race, trained by R. Sherwood. Other horses quoted are Fair Play II., Sir Martin, Wheatear, and William the Fourth. The latter ran very badly in France. He is trained at Michel Grove by Mr. Saunders Davies, and has been backed for the St. Leger. If Llangwm could be got all right again, I think he would run well for the Cambridgeshire, and another that should not want for backing if entered is Succour, who has been very close in the race once or twice.

Goodwood. From a social point of view, Goodwood is always a big draw, but the sport at times is far from good. It may not be generally known that in 1877 no fewer than nine races resulted in a walk-over, five of them in succession on the Cup-day.

What is wanted to strengthen the programme is for the Jockey Club to allow a few nursery handicaps—say one each day—to be run. Under existing rules, nursery handicaps are not allowed to be run before September, probably because the youngsters are not supposed to be sufficiently developed, but they still carry big weights before that month, and it is no uncommon thing to see a two-year-old carrying over 9 st. in July. Take the case of Admiral Hawke, who carried 9 st. 5 lb. in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown. I feel certain that the class of handicap referred to would prove a great success at Goodwood, where the going is always of the very best. Further, the course is sufficiently wide to admit of big fields. Indeed, over forty once started for the Stewards' Cup. One leading item per day is not good enough for backers in these days, especially when we take into consideration the expenses attached to attending Goodwood. As often as not the Cup produces a one-horse affair, although it must be admitted that the long-distance races run on the round course at the Ducal meeting are worth going a long way to see. The introduction of handicaps for two-year-olds is the one thing wanted to make the programme a strong one.

St. Leger. The win of Bayardo in the Eclipse Stakes has, in the opinion of many, spoiled the market on the St. Leger. Yet I heard one

of the biggest speculators say at Sandown that the price against Mr. Fairie's colt ought to lengthen instead of shorten, as, in his opinion, it took him all his time to beat Royal Realm. I do not subscribe to this opinion, as I think Bayardo won in a common canter, and he certainly has got back to his best form. Of his likely opponents

in the St. Leger, I like Minoru best. The King's horse is doing well in his work, and, as I have said many times before, Minoru looks and goes like a stayer. He is bred to win on the Town Moor, and he is certain to go very close. Louviers has good and bad days, and is not on that account to be recommended. Bomba, who so unexpectedly won at Ascot, is a stayer of the first magnitude, and the Irishmen are pinning their faith to Bachelor's Double. I notice that Mat

o' the Mint has been backed by somebody, but even the lucky Lewis could hardly expect to win this race with Lally's brother. Some very cute people think St. Victrix is a useful outsider for the race. I do not fancy he is class enough, although a very much improved colt. Willie Waugh could choose between Phaleron and Mirador, both useful on occasion, but neither good enough here. At present the St. Leger looks like being a two-horse race, and, despite the betting, it may be a very close thing indeed between Minoru and Bayardo.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE HAT-TRICK: A UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN PICKING UP HIS HAT WHILE HIS HORSE IS JUMPING A RAIL.

Photograph by Culver.



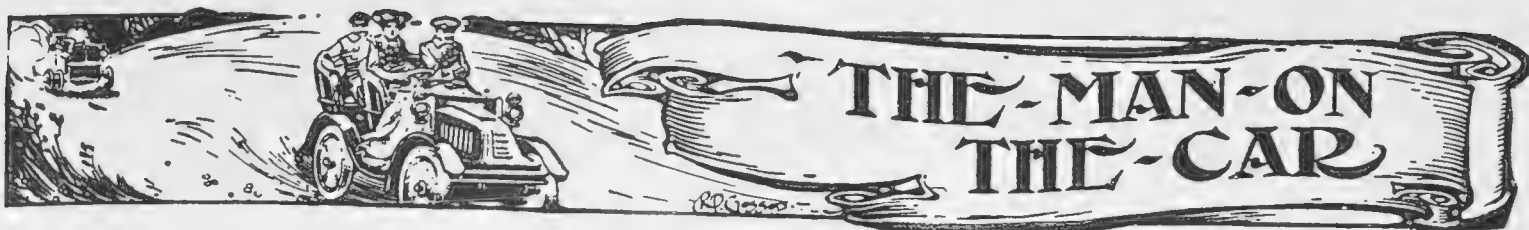
NOT THE BALL IT WAS WONT TO MEET, A WASP'S NEST ON A TENNIS RACKET.

The racket stood upon a shelf in the corner of a small outbuilding used for housing lawn tennis and croquet requirements and so on. The nest is over a foot thick. The photograph shows the outer shell built upon the racket. It was impossible to get the complete nest away in perfect condition.



CAUGHT FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES: A BERMUDA FISHERMAN HAULING UP A TRAP CONTAINING A SPECIMEN DESTINED FOR THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

Photograph by Beasley.



Speed-Indicators Versus the Police.

That the evidence of recognised speed-indicators should be believed in open court causes a spark of light to glimmer upon the motorist's horizon. Now, as a rule, a reliable speed-indicator fitted with a hand marking the maximum speed obtained has been, and is usually, accepted as evidence in the motorist's favour by the more open-minded Benches. No firm has done more to aid the motorist in this regard than Messrs. Smith and Son, Ltd., of 9, Strand, W. C., the manufacturers of the well-known "Perfect" Speed-Indicators. Wherever one of their indicators has been concerned they have always shown themselves eager and willing to test the instrument, and to give evidence in any court, however distant, as to its behaviour. Only a few days ago, two cases at Hayward's Heath, and one at Kingston succeeded in the face of the police, for the reason that the magistrates accepted the speed-indicator's evidence of ten miles per hour in preference to the police seventeen and a half, and its eighteen rather than the official and stereotyped twenty-six. Another case, at Windsor, where the indicator speed was fifteen and the police estimate twenty-eight, succeeded.

Petrol and Patriotism.

Automobile Club has now had in incubation for some time, and is about to submit, to the War Office. When the Club finds itself supported, the fact that motorists are prepared to put themselves and their cars at the service of their country should not be lost sight of in view of the Budget matters. However the scheme may shape, it can never be of any sort of avail (rather the reverse) without rehearsals, and motorists should one and all refuse to take part in, or give their support to, anything of the kind, if they are to use taxed petrol in the work. Rather should the motorist who allows his car to be registered for emergency transport, and is willing to take part in periodical rehearsals of the

duty which would be required of him in a national emergency, receive some consideration at the hands of the State. He should have a Roland for his Oliver, and in putting their scheme to the Government the Royal Automobile Club will lose an opportunity, and be wanting in their duty to automobilism, if they do not secure some collateral advantage.

Carburetter Improvement!

There is always room for improvement in automobile detail, and for indication of the form such improvements should take the makers would do well to go to the owner-driver for a few tips. Few responsible makers, and fewer designers, drive far or frequently enough to tumble across the little shortcomings which are a particular annoyance

to the man who drives and tends his own car. Take the case of a stricture of the carburetter jet, to remedy which many carburetters have frequently to be dismantled altogether, or at least the jet withdrawn at some expenditure of time and trouble. In many cases provision might be made for the attachment of the tyre-pump, so that a forcible blow through could be effected, while, better still, a needle-pricker, made so that it could be thrust upward through the entire jet-passage from without, might be easily fitted to the carburetter itself. Much of such trouble is, of course, avoided today by the interposition of well-designed filters between the petrol-tank and the jet-chamber, but petrol sometimes contains substances which, passing the

meshes of the finest gauze, still stuff up the jet. Then the needle-pricker, actuated from without, would remove the trouble in the twinkling of an eye.

One or Two Non-Skids?

As I think I have remarked upon more than one occasion, I always turn to Bibendum's (Michelin) Friday lectures on tyres and all that appertains to them with interest and profit. Last week the tube-encircled one was concerned with the desirability of one or two

non-skids on the driving-wheels of a car. Some say one suffices, and does no harm; others that such a half-measure would be fatal to the differential. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Not even Bibendum in this matter; but he boldly ventures to advise, and his advice amounts to a strong recommendation to abjure the lopsided arrangement altogether, and to adopt two non-skids on the rear wheels. Else, apart altogether from the suggested injury to the differential—which I do not altogether accept—it is a fact that, with the use of one non-skid at the rear, the wear on the opposed smooth



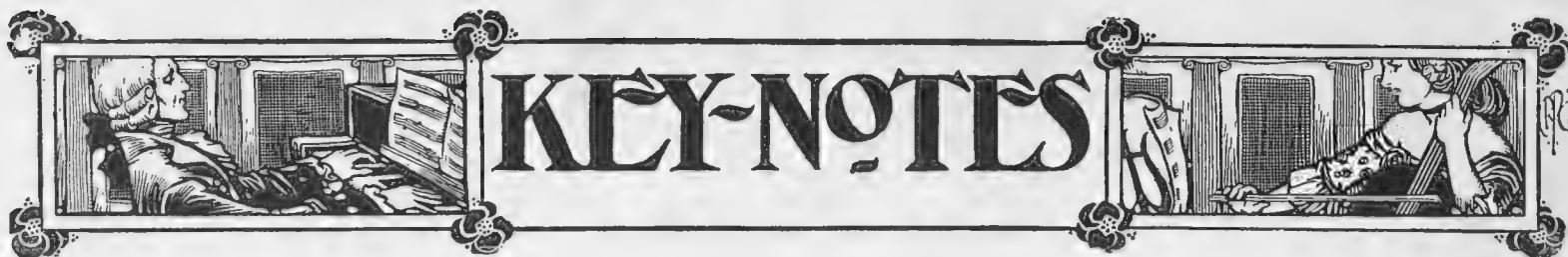
A MOTOR-CAR THAT CONTAINS A BED, A WASHSTAND, A MINIATURE KITCHEN, ETC.



A GIANT AMONG PRIVATE MOTOR-CARS: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE BODY OF THE GREAT CAR.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

tyre is quite one hundred per cent. more than it should be, and more than counterbalances the extra cost of a non-skid. On the steering-wheels the matter is quite a different pair of shoes, and one non-skid there, preferably upon the near-side wheel, is to be recommended as making for preservation against a front-wheel skid—a truly frightful thing.



The Philharmonic Society.

The news that the Philharmonic Society has been compelled, at the close of a thoroughly interesting season, to call upon its guarantors for relief to the extent of £400 is distinctly bad. Down to a few years ago, our premier orchestral association seemed to be clinging to early Victorian traditions. It lived, and appeared to thrive, in a sleepy atmosphere far removed from the stress and strain of modern musical thought and progress. One associated Philharmonic concert with the nine Symphonies of Beethoven, an overture or two by Weber, an aria from a Glück or Mozart opera, and some Chopin nocturne or the Mendelssohn violin concerto played by ladies or gentlemen of world-wide reputation and unquestioned virtuosity. One felt that anything more modern or exciting would have been regarded as quite vulgar by the patrons of the Society, who came prepared to be discreetly enthusiastic and talk in subdued whispers during the interval to others of the great Philharmonic family. There was a faint suggestion of Bath or Cheltenham about the hall that the Society delighted to honour: it became for the time being the abode of comfortable middle-age and intense respectability, of an art divorced from Bohemia. One knew that the guardian angel of Three per Cent. securities had in his safe keeping all save the members of the Fourth Estate.

Then and Now. Then came a change. The Society bestirred itself, began in a rather halting fashion to move with the times. The programmes grew brighter, more novelties crept in, elderly patrons of the orchestra wore a rakish expression as they listened to some great work that was several years their junior. The orchestra itself passed from hand to hand until, stimulated by the frequent changes of conductor, it began to respond to the bâton with a spirit and enthusiasm calculated to have made some of the old supporters of the Society turn in their graves and cry "Shame!" The metal was polished, and glowed. In a comparatively little time the Philharmonic Society renewed its youth; to-day it is twice the orchestra it was ten years ago; it does not shrink from work merely because it is modern, nor cling to readings just because they were popular with our grandfathers. It takes rank with the London Symphony, the Queen's Hall, the New Symphony, and the Beecham orchestras. And for this great improvement the bill is four hundred pounds. Let us hope that temporary setbacks will not turn the directors from their progressive policy.

The Cost of an Orchestra.

The explanation generally given for deficit, when the accounts of an orchestra are made up is increased cost of instrumentalists, soloists, and conductor. It is well to remember that our orchestras are better paid than the Continental orchestras, but the cost of living is probably higher here than on the Continent, and the rewards of a

first-class orchestral-player are quite small. Rehearsals are cheap abroad, and on this account many a composer seeks to get a hearing on the Continent rather than in London. In some of the leading concert-houses of France and Germany the fee to a player covers two rehearsals, and he gives a third for about four shillings. Here, as a general rule, a special fee is paid for every rehearsal, with the result that there is a greater expense to be met. The prices paid to conductors of our leading orchestras are very high, varying from five to sixty guineas—it would hardly be courteous to give further details. In these circumstances, it is easy to see that the patronage that will enable a concert to pay must needs be on a very generous scale. Fees for the performing rights of certain music are high, so high that there has been at least one case this year in which an attempt has been made to "boom" a composer on what has seemed to the

uninitiated to be no better ground than the fact that his music, such as it is, costs nothing to perform and is no doubt worth something more than it costs.

English and Continental Prices.

The future of our concert-halls is not made more promising by the system of dealing with the seats. Second—even third rate artists do not hesitate to ask the public to pay half-a-guinea for a stall for one

of their recitals. As a rule, the public does not pay, but the impudence of the demand is not redeemed by the failure to obtain it. Even at the large concert-halls the practice of giving away expensive seats is far too common. The sight of a hundred people clamouring at the box-office to have stall-passes numbered is not pleasant for those who reflect that, if the price asked for stalls were five shillings instead of ten, or four shillings instead of seven-and-sixpence, many people would pay for what is given away. On the Continent, half-a-guinea will pay for a good seat at several first-class concerts, and perhaps the only point of difference lies in the quality of the British instruments. Our players, as a rule, are better provided than their Continental brethren in every section of the orchestra. **COMMON CHORD.**



IN THE "PRISON" OCCUPIED BY COMPETITORS FOR THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME FOR MUSIC: THE MUSIC-ROOM OF THE CHATEAU DE COMPIÈGNE, SHOWING THE LITTLE HARP THAT BELONGED TO THE KING OF ROMES, SON OF NAPOLEON.

For a month, the competitors for the Grand Prix de Rome for music are kept prisoners in the Chateau de Compiègne, that they may prepare their compositions.



PRISONERS OF HONOUR: COMPETITORS FOR THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME FOR MUSIC IN THE "PRISON" IN WHICH THEY ARE KEPT FOR A MONTH: THE CHATEAU DE COMPIÈGNE.

point of difference lies in the quality of the British instruments. Our players, as a rule, are better provided than their Continental brethren in every section of the orchestra.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Her Pardonable
Prejudice.**

Woman is roundly being accused of being an Empire-breaker, because, whether she be an Englishwoman in India or an American—her face against social intimacy woman in the Philippines, she sets with the darker races. In India the cleavage between native and ruler has considerably widened since the peninsula has become the happy hunting-ground and winter-resort of sprightly wives, and girls on the look-out for a good match. And the same phenomenon is to be seen in the Philippines, where, recently, the Governor-General did not hesitate to accuse his countrywomen of starting "an era of ill-feeling and of race-hatred." Before their own feminine compatriots arrived in such numbers in the Far Eastern islands, American men, it seems, used to marry Filipino girls, but these alliances are frowned upon by American ladies, and no social intercourse is permitted with the offending couples. It is pretty certain that the instinct of the white lady is sound in this matter, and that these mixed marriages are not only a mistake, but absolutely disastrous to both races. Woman, in short, is perfectly justified in her prejudice, and her masculine belongings had better grasp the situation and bow before her decision, which has remote and fundamental reasons connected with the well-being of the white race. Though Man—far less fastidious in these high matters—has seldom hesitated to form unions with red, black, or yellow people, Western Woman, unless she is perverted, has an instinct which holds her aloof from the Asiatic and the African.

**French and German
Novels.**

For anyone who cares to compare the soul of two peoples by their contemporary fiction, it is highly instructive to glance at the novels which are now being published in France and in Germany. Our neighbours across the Channel are concerned with politics, satires, problems, feminism, the army and the Church, Socialism, and I know not what, but the love-story pure and simple, whether of a regular or irregular nature, is rarely touched upon by the living masters of fiction. Unless the scene is laid in Japan, in Constantinople, in ancient Greece, or in a minor German Court, the grand passion is not considered interesting enough to form the theme of a work of art. The loves of modern French men and women are left to the purveyors of cheap feuilletons for the halfpenny newspapers. Even their plays are largely concerned with the romance of high finance, with divorce and the children, and such-like practical matters. Recently a successful play was given in Paris which was entirely concerned with schoolboys, the scene being laid in a provincial Lycée. The German book-market, on the other hand, seethes with fiction dealing with love. The Erster Liebhafen has lost nothing of his ancient popularity,

and the modern Gretchen is every whit as eager to throw over the world for the chosen one. Indeed, so extravagantly do these young amorists behave that their affairs usually end with dire disaster; yet it is a more hopeful sign in a nation when their young are interested in love-stories than when, like the sad and sombre French, the fundamental facts of existence no longer appeal to the generation which is to hand on the torch of life.

**A New View of
Woman.**

In Mr. Reginald Turner's clever study of modern journalism, "Samson Unshorn," there is a new and illuminating view of the feminine sex which deserves, and will get, attention. The author's theory is that women are all individuals, however insignificant, that they seldom or never verge their personalities in coteries and sets, as men are so prone to do. Women, it appears to this observer, "are always on their own, self-contained, whereas men are generally in cliques, standing together in a corporate body. Absorbed in their own lives and desires, their own interests and occupations, women generally preserve their intelligence," and incidentally become much more valuable as sympathetic friends. Mr. Turner's hero, James Maxwell, is as lonely and self-centred as a woman, and to women only does he turn for understanding and help. It is by reason of this feminine aloofness that the Lady Getrude is drawn to the editor of *Daily Opinion*, and finally surrenders her personality to his. Other and more modish men she finds sheep-like in their mentality. The following phrase hits off happily enough a whole strata of English civilisation. "In talking to Sir Charles Tetbury, for instance, she felt that she was talking to all the landed gentry in England, to all the members of his club, and that they were answering her when he spoke." This is so true that most women know beforehand precisely what the average man, the man who may be classed and tabulated, is going to say. And the result of this masculine habit of hanging together in cliques is that a man has usually—or, at any rate, an Englishman—more than his fair share of tiresome prejudices.

**The Fascination
of Power.**

Power—the art and science of leadership—is peculiar to the world of animals, including the *genus homo*. There are signs that it is every year becoming the one thing to which people of high intelligence aspire. There is a story of a meeting between Cecil Rhodes and Madame Melba, when the Last of the Elizabethans asked the Queen of Song "if it was the art or the applause which she cared for?" Melba was indignant for a moment, but Rhodes fell into one of his reveries, from which he emerged to say, looking straight at the singer: "I was wrong. After all, it is the power we like, isn't it?" The two were both experts, and one would have liked to hear the rest of the conversation.



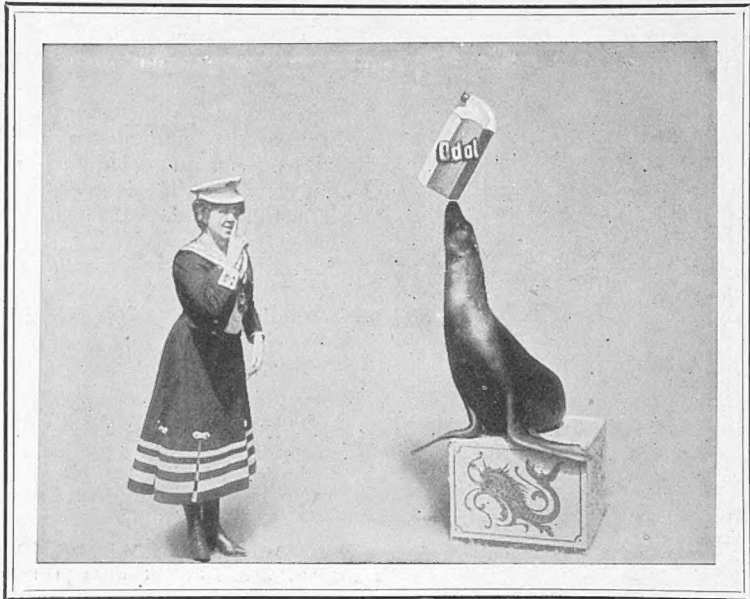
A CHARMING GOWN FOR THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

Exodus. Next week I shall be "The Woman out of Town," thank goodness! Thousands have already gone, thousands more are going. The Season, after a final flare-up that was more creditable to it than its earlier months, expired on Friday night, finishing with a ball at the Speaker's house and a small royal dance given by Lady Farquhar. Goodwood claims the racing contingent and its fashionable following this week, and next week there will be the usual rendezvous of smart people at Cowes. Then, sing hey for the merry, merry moors and the grouse, for the wild and misty corries and the stags, for the swirling Highland rivers and the fish, for the finest of golf courses and the game. Things are rather mixed in this best of all



A NEW ODOL ENTHUSIAST: A PERFORMING SEAL'S INTERESTING FEAT.
The animal actually performs with an Odol bottle in the manner shown. It is at present in Paris.

possible worlds, and pleasure-seekers are quite as much in need of change of scene as workers, although, from the holiday aspect, they don't get a quarter as much real joy out of it as workers do. Compensation is a great factor in life.

Outfits. There has been an epidemic of shopping the last ten days. Seven o'clock in a thoroughfare full of shops has presented an odd spectacle, the pavement packed with ladies obliged to desist from a much-loved occupation, because closing-time had come. For the Scotch season now about to commence the great thing to remember is that clothing must be warm and light. Cotton and muslins, linens and zephyrs, are quite useless in the North. Homespun tweeds and serges are the things—flannels for fine weather—and for women who mean to enjoy the Highlands, silk and openwork stockings are required only for wear in the house. Pretty, dainty shoes, such as the soul of woman loves, are also only household gods in the North. Walking shoes must be light, stout, broad in the tread and wide in the heel. I love to see smart women in the Highlands, they look so fit for all that comes their way. Just as smart as in town, but in a piquantly different way.

Hymen. The sacrifices on hymeneal altars this season have been exceedingly numerous. There was a run on all the best-known churches last week by couples desiring to be married ere the Season closed. All the same, of great weddings there were less than usual. Lord and Lady Dalmeny, Lord and Lady Brooke, Viscount and Viscountess Bury, Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, and the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam were the principal brides and grooms of the year. Announcements of engagements meaning autumn marriages include the Hon. Edward Wood, only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Halifax, and Lady Dorothy Onslow, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Onslow. Mr. Wood is tall, good-looking, philanthropic, clever, and very wealthy, as he inherited a large fortune from his aunt, the late Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Lady Dorothy is pretty, clever, and greatly liked. Captain Maxwell, son of Sir Herbert and Lady Maxwell, of Monteith, is engaged to Lady Mary Percy, fourth surviving daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and the first member of their Grace's large family to marry. They have three sons and five daughters. Earl Percy, the eldest son, and one of our distinguished orators, is thirty-eight and unmarried. Many more announcements of engagements will follow the country house and shooting seasons. Fancies started in London usually develop into facts then!

Refreshment. We are a strenuous race, few of us can laze thoroughly for more than a day at a time. Holidays, for Britons, mean much more a change of occupation and fresh air than merely rest. However vigorous our pastime—sculling, tennis, cycling, yachting, or motoring, let me suggest that

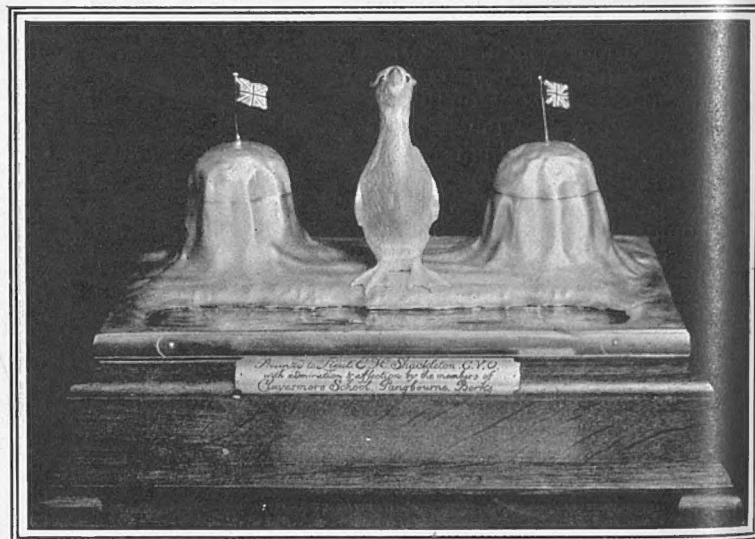
for real refreshment there is nothing like "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. Diluted with a little water it is the most delightful, cooling, and invigorating face-wash there is, also its effects on the skin are in every way beneficial, which cannot be said of all Eau-de-Cologne; therefore it is well to insist on "4711." I fancy, however, that this is superfluous advice. It is too much appreciated for a substitute to be considered for a moment.

Neatest. Time was when British women's feet were a joke for their Gallic sisters. It is not so now; our admiration for the neatest clad feet in the world, those of our French sisters, has resulted in our adopting their most celebrated boot and shoe maker, Pinet, so thoroughly, that his establishment at 47, New Bond Street is one of the pet shops of our best-dressed women. Pinet refuses to regard feet only from a utilitarian point of view. Properly clothed they are no less elegant and graceful than gloved hands. F. Pinet, of Paris, has set himself to preserve these characteristics. Therefore our ladies take a proper pride in neat and dainty footwear which they find at his establishment. Our feet are no longer butts for our neighbours across the Channel.

Tidiest. The first attribute of the open-air girl should be tidiness. This she can never accomplish if her clothes are not properly put on. The thing of all others in which the tidiest scores is the fastening unflinchingly and precisely of blouses and plaquet-holes. To secure this Prym's Press Studs are infallible. They cost so little and are worth so much. They close with a reassuring spring, and never belie their promise. They are easily sewn on, a child can adjust them, and they cannot rust. For holiday dress they are indispensable.

Freshest. To feel fresh and look fresh is everything on summer days. We have had some, and we hope for more worthy of the name. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of an ivory-white linen dress, the skirt kilted and the bodice and sleeves braided. It has the Moyen Age effect so much in vogue just now with its cuirasse-shaped tunic-piece. A delightful frock for the summer girl.

Healthiest. There are many things which a careful house-mother considers at home, and is anxious and troubled over when she moves at the holiday-time. One of these, of supreme importance, is hygiene. The laundry is a source of continual anxiety, especially during the holiday-time, when clothes are sent from houses where illness has been without their being disinfected. It is such a simple thing to put them in a solution of Jeyes' Fluid before sending them, or else make sure that the



PRESENTED TO "FURTHEST SOUTH" SHACKLETON.

The silver inkstand illustrated was presented to the daring Antarctic explorer by the members of Claysmore School, Pangbourne, on the occasion of his recent visit. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., of London and Birmingham, and supplied through their Regent Street branch.

laundry people do it. It costs very little, thoroughly disinfects, and does not injure any fabric, even the most delicate. It is the healthiest thing to have about, and no one should go away without it.

There is an exhibition of coloured stones: emeralds, sapphires, rubies, peridots, tourmalines, turquoise, black opals, together with exceptional examples of pearls and diamonds at the showrooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., at 112, Regent Street, W. Probably no such choice collection of pearls has ever been seen in London. Visitors to London will find that an hour is well spent viewing these charming collections.

The London Corset Company have resolved to dispose of their entire stock, with the exception of corsets, at exactly one half the usual prices. As these are always moderate, it is obvious that this forms a unique opportunity of replenishing the wardrobe on the most advantageous terms.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.

MONEY AND HOME RAILS.

ALTHOUGH a good deal of gold has been withdrawn for South America very little effect has been produced on the discount market. Unless the unforeseen happens, we expect cheap money to continue until the autumn, after which everything depends on the trade revival, signs of which are not wanting.

The Home Railway results which have been announced during the last week all show that very large savings have been effected in the working costs, and an increase in dividend has in all cases been made. The accounts are not yet available in several cases, but, wherever they are, the economies seem to be in the right direction, and it is very satisfactory to find that although in the aggregate the nine Companies whose results have been announced exhibit a gross decrease in receipts of £175,000, they are able to distribute nearly £300,000 more among their Ordinary shareholders than was the case last year.

AMERICAN RAILS AND COPPER SHARES.

What effect upon the market will be produced by the declaration of the Steel dividend it is impossible to say just before the announcement, but to be a bear of the shares does not strike us as likely to turn out a particularly profitable transaction, just at present. The Wall Street wire-pullers have a tighter hold than ever over the market, and they are going to make prices precisely what suits their books, and if you chance to get gambling on the wrong side, you stand to get a breezy time. So long as there's a hope, however flimsy, of bigger dividends being paid on Steel Common, or Illinois Central, or Southern Pacific, or any other manipulated shares, the bull party will have a firm basis for putting prices up. Only when the dividends are actually increased need the holders begin to worry, because then the time for inside unloading will be at hand. The wholly artificial nature of the Yankee market can be seen by the way in which Rio Tintos and other copper shares are being rigged from the States. There is no justification whatever, on statistical grounds, for Rios or Amalgamated or Anacondas to be pushed up, but higher they go, and common sense is a dangerous thing to trust to as a guide in gambling when Americans or copper shares are the counters. We should say that both departments are by no means at their apex yet, but to speculate in either is dangerous work, my masters.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Being within a stone's-throw, so to speak, of the August Bank Holiday, we don't expect to be busy, and, in some ways, perhaps we are not very anxious to be. However excellently organised an office may be, the summer holiday-time throws the working machinery out of gear to some extent. Moreover, the senior partners profess that they don't want clients to have "a lot of stock" open while they are away, and the office staffs certainly like to slack about a bit if the weather's hot. I had occasion to look into the office of a big firm of Kafir jobbers the other afternoon. All the fellows were playing cards. It looked like a whist drive on a small scale.

One of the unpleasantest incidents we have had in the Stock Exchange for a long while is this Pahang business. Firms of the highest standing in the House have been hit as with a thunderbolt. They put their friends and their clients into Pahangs at much higher prices as a speculative investment. Only a few days—less, indeed, than a week—before the bad news arrived, I happen to know that a director, as straight a man as there is in the City, was advising personal friends to follow his own example in buying the shares at about 22s. 6d. It has been to hundreds of people something worse than a disappointment. We looked upon Pahangs as a speculation, truly enough, but a sound and a fair and an honest speculation which had excellent prospects of becoming an investment. Of course, you will turn round and say that as we recognised it as a speculation, we need feel no surprise at the affair turning out wrong. There is that to be said, I know, but it is the manner of the disappointment which is galling.

Until the meeting in a day or two, there is really nothing to be said or done. It is my firm conviction that the Board have been quite as much in the dark as any outsider, and the manager's statement will be awaited by no one more eagerly or anxiously than by the directors. Except as a sheer gamble, it is useless to suggest further purchases of the shares in order to average, although one feels that the speculative chances are in favour of a rally after such a crash. This consolation remains for the shareholders: they can rest secure in the knowledge that their affairs are in the hands of absolutely honest and experienced directors on the Board, and what can be done by skill, enterprise, and money to save the situation will not be lacking.

Those of us who ventured to predict a general recovery in the Home Railway Market during the autumn will soon be turning round to say, "What did we tell you?" The good dividend announcements have had the effect of stirring up a faint amount of bullish enthusiasm for the stocks, and, provided we get no nasty jars from the declarations still to come, I see a further rise in prospect for Home Rails as a whole. August isn't exactly the month that one would pick out as an ideal time in which to start a boomlet, and one cannot help thinking that it will still be a long while before the general public take what you might call a lively interest in the Home Railway Market, considering that the investor can employ his capital to so much better immediate advantage elsewhere. Nevertheless, the dividends so far declared are sufficiently progressive to encourage the idea that at the "fat" end of the year the final distributions will be good enough to provide quite a useful yield—say 4½ to 5 per cent—upon stock bought at current prices. Now, 4½ per cent. on a good Home Railway stock is something that will compel the attention of the investor, and the mere prospect of getting a return of this kind will, it seems to me, send a good deal of money into the Home Railway Market. I should hesitate to recommend the stocks for simple speculation. They should be bought to take up and to wait for their growth in value.

Speaking quite impartially, what we want to make prices better in the Stock Exchange is a change of Government. Were there the likelihood of a Dissolution this autumn, what a change we should see in prices! I don't profess to know why it is, but the fact remains that the Liberal Administration has had the effect

of introducing distrust and nervousness, which are not without their influence upon prices. General Elections, as a rule, do us far more harm than good for the time being, but if one were to become imminent now, prices would go up with a run in the markets most frequented by investors. Maybe they'd come down again later on, whichever side got in, but the first effect would be distinctly bullish. It is that "later on" which bothers some of us already. We're Unionist, mostly, in the Stock Exchange, and therefore Protectionists, Tariff Reformers, or what you like to call the followers of Mr. Balfour's opinions [whatever those may be]. I put that in brackets, as suggestive of a dropping of the voice.

Will Protection be a good thing for the Stock Exchange? Oh yes; it's all very well to take up a high-salutin' attitude and say that such things have to be considered from a standpoint of national and Imperial benefit, but, after all, we have our bread-and-butter to consider as well, and having loudly protested that Protection is the only thing that can "save the country," I say we are entitled to sit down and really ponder the matter from our own individual, non-Socialist level. You try to think it out, and if you come to a really logical, definite conclusion in a week's time, you may flatter yourself upon possessing either an exceptionally clear brain or upon having overlooked a few dozen of the cross currents that bear upon the subject so perplexingly.

There seems little enough optimism left in the Kafir Circus with regard to the August outlook for the shares. Men tell you that the big people won't allow the market to go down more than 5 per cent. all the way round. That's comforting, of course, but vague, and vagueness is not what we want. On any little rise it looks right to sell Kaffirs, in order to get them back cheaper by-and-by. The mischief of it is that when they start bidding for shares, you tell yourself that the boom is just about to start again, and that to sell shares now would be chucking them away. So you don't clear out; possibly you even buy a few more to put with the others. Then, when the spurt subsides and prices sag, and you see a loss on the last purchase, you curse your luck and promise that next time there's a rise they really *shall* go. Upon the rise arriving you repeat the previous performance, and so on. Take my advice, and next time the market's good, shut your eyes and sell the shares. Never mind the prices they touched in May and June. That's a detail, and a most misleading detail, too. If you don't choose to think so, drop the first vowel and spell the second syllable a little differently. Then you may agree with

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

"ROUND THE RAND."

We have received a copy of Mr. J. W. Broomhead's excellent little book under the above title, published by the *Financial Times* at the modest price of 5s. net.

In a small compass Mr. Broomhead has put together a very useful reference book, which should be in the hands of everybody who is either interested in, or intends to be interested in, South African mining. The book is no mere dry compendium of figures, but an intelligent and interesting account of all that the investor or speculator ought to know of nearly every Rand mine dealt in here, and although the dry facts are to be found in abundance, they are clothed with interesting comments and summaries of the mining engineers' reports, the methods of working employed, the life of the mine; the ore reserves, values, and other particulars. Much of the book is quite interesting reading for anyone who cares for the romance of South African mining. We can cordially recommend the book to our readers as good value for their money.

Saturday, July 24, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the *City Editor*,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. S.—(1) Undoubtedly the financial condition of the British Aluminium Company is very bad, but we believe that some reconstruction will be brought about. We should hold on and not sell at present price. (2) We think Tombay is a fair speculative mining investment. As to Mount Morgans, we are not sure, but would rather buy Waihi or Mysore Gold Mine shares. (3) Very likely Americans generally will go better, but we should take such a profit as you have on Union Pacifics for at least part of the holding and then look on.

BROOM.—See House Haunter's letter for all the information we have on the matter.

CORINTHIAN.—If the Kodak shares were our own we should sell sufficient to make sure of our profits, and hold the rest. Whenever a company of this sort becomes too prosperous it encourages competition; but we have no reason to think that the Kodak Company is doing other than excellently well at present.

SPAIN.—The Companies referred to by you are all dead and buried long ago.

T. B. T.—"Q" disclaims omniscience in Nitrate or other matters, but advises you to "sit tight." The good concerns, such as yours, will be all right ultimately.

C. M.—The Beira Debentures are bearer bonds. They have had a big rise, but everything points to the interest being paid in the future and the arrears gradually. To say they are "safe" would be absurd. A good speculative investment is the correct definition.

POSSIT.—The shares are a good trade investment. Van den Berg Pref. and Ordinary, Sanitas, or Maypole Dairy Preferred Ordinary might suit you.

TAGUE.—We do not profess to give "tips." Try one of the financial dailies. We go to press too long beforehand to make "tipping" of any use.

UNCERTAIN.—(1) We think B. A. and Pacific Ordinary will see a lower price, because of the very large capital requirements of the Company and the continued piling-up of fixed and Preference charges. (2) We prefer City Deep. Jumpers Deep will probably only pay 5 per cent. for this year and 7½ for next.

HACKLE.—You ought to recover your money. Don't pay the call, and consult a solicitor who is well versed in Company Law at once.

MINES.—We have not space for argumentative answers. Our advice has proved so bad that we would rather not give any more.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should go close at Goodwood: Singleton Plate, Brioret; Goodwood Plate, Lagos; Sussex Stakes, Mirador; Corinthian Plate, My Pet II.; Drayton Handicap, St. Michan; Goodwood Cup, Jackson; Chesterfield Cup, Galvani; Gordon Stakes, Princesse de Galles. At Alexandra Park, Honolulu may win the Municipal Handicap, and Laveuse the Alexandra Welter. At Sandown, on Monday, I like Candahar for the Lubbock Handicap, and Bird in the Hand for the Holiday Stakes. For Birmingham, I fancy Miesko for the Bank Holiday Handicap, and Victory for the Birmingham Handicap. At Brighton, on Tuesday, Lagos may win the Brighton Stakes, and Master Hopson the Marine Plate.

THE NEW HIPPODROME.

IT is a new Hippodrome which opens its doors on Bank Holiday. Closed just four months ago, it has, in the interval, been so modified in its internal structure and so changed in its colour-scheme and decorations, that its most constant habitués would hardly recognise it as the same house in which they have been amused by the antics of comedians, interested by the feats of riders, equilibrists, and the skilled hosts of other entertainers, and thrilled by those sensational dramatic and aquatic episodes which gave the old Hippodrome its unique position and distinctive prestige among London's houses of light entertainment.

The decorations are now in white and gold, while the curtains of the boxes, the act-drop, and the upholstery of the seats, are all in a delightful green which harmonises well with them, and is taken up by the paper on the walls. The new colour-scheme gives an appearance of added altitude to the house, above which the old familiar dome, with its sliding roof, appears higher up than ever, and will, apparently, increase the sensational effect of those performers who, from time to time, make startling leaps and dives from it into the arena below.

Among the familiar features which are missed in the new house are the orchestra on the dress-circle tier, the crush room, the spacious entrance lobby, and the ring around which the stalls were ranged. Now the orchestra, consisting of no less well-equipped musicians than in the old days, is in the familiar place in front of the stage; there is still an imposing, though smaller, entrance, and though the stalls are ranged along the front of the house in the ordinary way, the ring, unseen for the moment, still remains in its place, with the tank beneath it, to be used whenever necessity demands the introduction of a "circus act" or the production of a water spectacle.

More important than anything else, there remains over all the master mind of Mr. Oswald Stoll, directing everything with a comprehensive power of organisation and a skill for supervising and carrying out details which are certainly not excelled in the kingdom, and are probably not equalled in Europe. True, he keeps his presence rigorously in the background, but it is none the less felt, although it is not seen. The Hippodrome is, however, only one of a series of magnificent halls directed by the genius which transformed the Coliseum from a great failure into one of the most brilliant successes in the world of modern entertainment.

The lavish hand which has provided a never-ending variety of attractions at that establishment has, in the Hippodrome's opening programme, given proof that a no less expensive and brilliant array of talent will be maintained there. For the moment it does not live up to the literal significance of its classical name, for

there are no horse "acts" in the bill, and the sculptured charioteer on the roof finds no human counterpart of himself hurtling round the now invisible arena. Horse acts, however, as will be remembered, were often absent in the old Hippodrome, which made a remarkable reputation during the nine years and more of its existence. In that time, five thousand seven hundred and sixty performances were given, thus cramming into less than ten years a number which one daily performance would require nearly nineteen years to reach, and in that long interval the house was closed only on one ordinary week-day, that of the funeral of Queen Victoria.

The programme is headed by Mr. Charles Hawtreys in the familiar diverting one-act play "Time Is Money," in which he succeeds in keeping the vast audience as constantly amused as in the small theatres in which he is accustomed to display his inimitable method. Strenuous drama is furnished by "The Flag Station," in which Miss Fanny Ward plays with great force and feeling as the mentally-tortured wife of a railway signalman, who believes that, by giving wrong instructions, he has sent a train to destruction.

The striking novelty is, undoubtedly, the three Wiesenthal Sisters in their "dance poems." These brilliantly accomplished ladies have a style distinctly their own, and unlike that of the many other dancers who have attracted the public by the individual grace and variety of their performance. They studied dancing at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, and after evolving their new art-form for themselves, they startled the audiences at the famous Cabaret Fliedermaus, in Vienna, some two years ago. Their dances, which seek to embody the joy of life and the intoxicating influence of Spring on the emotions, created so great a sensation that their services have been eagerly sought throughout Europe, and offers have showered on them from America. In their act they dispense with scenery in favour of a background and draperies of one or two colours, with which their dresses are in harmony. The result is most striking, and is evidence of the guidance of a highly endowed and artistic mind. When it is said that the husband of one of the sisters is an artist with a European reputation, the explanation of this effect is readily understandable. So individual is the performance of the Wiesenthal Sisters that everything connected with their dances owes its origin to them. They have even designed the pattern which is specially woven in the material out of which their dresses are made.

Full of interest too, is the turn of M. and Mme. X, a pair of educated baboons. Commenting on their appearance, the *Paris Gil Blas* said, "Since the King of England arrived early for the express purpose of seeing this extraordinary pair of monkeys, he set the fashion for people to go to Olympia at nine o'clock." The Hippodrome, however, is always certain to be full by eight, for few people will want to miss any of the items in Mr. Stoll's present lavish bill.

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